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Genevieve:

OR,

THE SPIRIT OF THE DRAVE.

A POEM.

WITH

ODES AND OTHER POEMS,

CHIEFLY

AMATORY AND DESCRIPTIVE.

BY

JOHN STEWART, Esq.

Author of "The PLEASURES OF LOVE;" "The RESURRECTION,"
&c. &c.

"Ma contanto somiglia al ver l'imago
Ch' erro, e dolc' è l'error; pur ne sospiro,
Come d' ingiusta Idolatria d'Amore."

TASSO.

LONDON:

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1810.

T. DAVISON, Lombard-street, Whitefriars,
London.

PR
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DEDICATED

TO THE

MOST NOBLE ARTHUR

MARQUIS OF DOWNSHIRE.

BORN in the blaze of Saba's groves,
And nursed upon his funeral pyre;
The royal bird more glorious moves,
New-pennon'd, from consuming fire.
So, from thy sire's sepulchral bed,
His hov'ring spirit springs to thee;
And seems again the honour'd dead
The guardian of our land to be!

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Nor think the Bard would stoop to praise
  Were rank and fortune only thine;
The venal hymn of shame to raise,
  And boast thy coronet divine!
A purer theme the song must own
  Than scutcheon'd pomp and folly give;
That grandeur of the mind alone—
  The virtues that for others live.

The bee that spoils the desert flower,
  And aromatic harvest brings;
Though weak to mate the eaglet's power,
  And brave the sun on iron wings;
Still, to the philosophic eye,
  As wise, and fair, and wond'rous seems,
Though not endued to scale the sky,
  And revel in the burning beams!

But thou, to all the Arts a friend,
  Shalt smiling Science make thy care,
And still, for native genius lend
  Thine aid to weave a halo fair:
Like him, still honour'd, still deplored,
  The bulwark of thy country stand,
And from her bosom turn the sword,
  And blast the parricidal hand.

Unbribed, His lips unerring told
  The pure, the independent mind;
Unbought, no country's rights he sold,
  Nor left th' apostate's name behind:—
Untutor'd in the courtiers wile,
  To principle and glory true;
He scorn'd to fawn, and cringe, and smile,
  Or wear deception's glozing hue.

To Erin's sons, and Erin's soil,
  His thoughts, his counsels still were bent;
To ease the panting breast of toil,
  And give the peasant's brow content;
To bid her commerce wed each gale,
  And rival Albion's prouder isle;
And spread the bold and distant sail
  Where realms of richest treasure smile.

His virtues were by all confest,—
  The widow's hope, the orphan's trust;
And still shall flourish in each breast,
  Though cold he sleep in silent dust!
And Time, while pomp and pride decay,
  With scythe reverted, 'grave his fame;
And tears of millions grace the clay
  That consecrates a patriot name.

And sure the Bard can proudly tell,
  Like his expands that soul of thine;
In thee, the manly virtues dwell
  Imbibed at holy Freedom's shrine;
The wish to make a people blest,
  United, happy, great, and free;
And deem that glory truest, best,
  Their father and their friend to be.

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GENEVIEVE;

OR,

THE SPIRIT OF THE DRAVE.

PART I.

ALL wearied and worn, at the close of the day,
By the rain-beating tempest opprest;
On the banks of the Drave, in an evening of May[1],
By a golden-rimed beech that o'ershadow'd the way,
A Hunter reclined him in rest.

Of green was his garb, and a scymitar blade
Half unsheath'd, did he slowly unbind;
And the dark-nodding plumes o'er his beaver that play'd,
Veil'd the fires of an eye that no time had decay'd,—
As wildly they danc'd in the wind.

Tho' in years he might seem, 'twas the morn of his prime
By the cloud of suspicion o'ercast;
As silent he mus'd on the wonders of time,
And the visions of fancy so fair and sublime,
In the dawning of hope that was past.

Pale, pale was his cheek, and the scorn-beaming eye
Told the wrongs of the proud that he bore;
And seen was his arm in a 'kerchief to lie
Sorely wounded, while oft he would gaze with a sigh,
On the scarf of the Brave that he wore.

And forlorn as he sat in the forest's deep shade,
On the brow of a daisy-white hill;
"How oft happy, here, through thy thickets I've stray'd
With Nature and Innocence,"—(plaintive he said)—
"And O! had we linger'd here still!

"O'er yon mountain of eagles the chace could I find,
In the morning of life that was new;
Or moss for my pillow, and rock'd by the wind,
And lull'd by the falls of some rill, I reclin'd,
As her curtain Forgetfulness drew.

"And there, too, delighted I spoke to the glance
Of the maids at the vintage hard by;
While the notes of the oboe my soul could entrance,
As swelling they timed to the villagers' dance,
And happiness beam'd in each eye."

Now a light-passing bell on the breeze died away,
When by twilight apart in the shade,
Two figures in armour cross'd cautious the way,
And close to his ambush a voice struck dismay,
While he grasp'd in amazement his blade.

"Sure thy senses are coward," (the tallest enquires)—
"How alive, if thy poniard were true?"
"Yes, yes, (cried the other) though safe he retires,
This night shall extinguish the pride that aspires
To the heart Leopolstadt would sue."

The sound so well known, unappall'd he can hear,
And scarce to the air trusts a breath;
But leaning, still lingers with soul-catching ear,
His bosom unshaken, a stranger to fear,
To the chill, solemn knell of his death.

"Yester-eve was he watch'd, as he hitherward bent,
At the falls of Renzerren was seen;
And Hoffner, with ten chosen archers, I've sent
To lurk unobserv'd by the tangled descent,
And dye with his heart-blood the green.

"Here dark is the path—to the combat we stand,
When the bugle-horn's echo we hear;
Then should he escape from my death-winging band,
His heart meets the jav'lin so true from my hand,
And the loud-roaring Drave be his bier.

"This night too, perchance, that he hopes to arrive
Where the ramparts of Sternbach ascend;
But first in the combat of death shall we strive,
Nor e'er shall he visit those turrets alive,
Nor be clasp'd to the heart of his friend!

Hark, hark to the signal! my triumph is near,
And this night Genevieve shall be mine!"—
"Hush, hush," (breathes the other) "some noise met my ear!"—
"'Tis the noise of the torrent, alone, thou can'st hear,
That aids," (he rejoin'd) "my design."

Now mount we, and swift,—not a moment must fly,—
  Spur away every horseman with me;
For to night, far away, does Lord Rosenberg lie,—
And he, the proud baron, no longer is nigh,
  A sister's bold champion to be.

PART II.

To yon rude cross of stone in the time-scooped cave
  With wild walnut branches o'erhung,
Through gloom so terrific, the Hunter so brave
Has wander'd the banks of the wood-crowned Drave,
  And there round the crucifix clung.

The halloo of horsemen, the clatter of steeds,
  Crowd thicker and near on the gale,
And the poor wounded Hunter to shun them proceeds
With scymitar bare, to a cavern that leads
  Down the rock, to the dark-bosom'd vale.

Some grasp meets his arm, 'tis a moment's affright,
  All is past, and new-strung is his soul;
Till darker and darker the dun-clouded night
Shot faster and faster the streamers so bright,
  In reply to the long thunder's roll.

The causeway's descent now he strives to reclimb,
  When in gleams as the blue flashes shone,
On the moss, dripping wet—lo! a vision sublime,
A head silver'd o'er with the blossoms of time,
  Bow'd low to the symbol of stone.

Once child of affliction, perchance—now resign'd,
  His soul only linger'd below,
To curb the proud riot that once o'er the mind,
To reason, to virtue, to happiness blind,
  Had doom'd him to passion and woe.

Thrice kiss'd he the crucifix, kneeling with awe,
  His rosary thrice has he told,
When rising, a lamp from the crevice to draw,
By its dim, sickly glimmer, the Hunter he saw,
  And benign was the smile of the old!

"Come, stranger—the tempest is roaring amain,
  To my cell let us quickly depart;
Thou shrinkest, my son, with the cold-drenching rain,
But bright is my faggot, and never, in vain,
  Th' unhappy appeal to my heart."

In silence their course through the coppice they've wound,
  No accents their motion betray;
When, list! where the mountain ash blackens the mound,
Shrill echoes a whistle—and quench'd on the ground
  The lamp has extinguish'd its ray.

The wolf's lonely howl bore its terrors along,
  The light'nings incessantly fly;
The horsemen, at times, humming surly a song;
While, anon, bursts the thunder-peal loudly and long,
  The strength of the strongest to try.

Fierce tower'd to the heav'ns the high-leaping flood
  That winded the forest around;
The pride of whose glory, unbending, that stood
A thousand long winters that shook them so rude,
  Now raging were hurl'd to the ground.

The rain rush'd in torrents, and clouds that in ire
  Were blazing so terribly bright,
No longer assail the hunter and sire;
Who closer prest round, as the cheer-giving fire
  Its faggots had piled for the night.

Though in ruins the chapel—the hermit's retreat
  Could sustenance richly supply;
I ween not in vain did the father entreat,
Or viands so costly the appetite greet,
  And wines that with Candian might vie.

His beaver unlaced, then in confidence true,
  The Hunter prepares to repose;
When near, in the ruins, but shelter'd from view,
Two strangers their converse were heard to pursue,
  And louder and louder it grows.

" Thus Osric it was," (the speaker replies)
  " Our Lord of the Tyrol was seen,
To bow and to sue for the beautiful prize
Genevieve of Lienz, with the blue-rolling eyes,
  The maid of the soft-winning mien.

" In vain did he languish—the friend of his soul,
The youth whom our mountains adore,—
Lord Rosenberg, gently, but fearlessly, stole
The heart that was dead to the Lord of Tyrol;
And for Sternbach triumphantly bore.

" In combat since this has the plumage been shorn,
White as snow[3], from the baron's proud crest;
And now, all impatient he vows, ere the morn,
(His vassals far off) none of Rosenberg born
Shall slumber on Genevieve's breast.

" For him n this forest all night do we stay,
To bid it receive his last groan;
But the moon brightens cheerly—to horse and away—
For him must we meet—to these ruins he'll stray,
Sorely wounded, unarm'd, and alone."

The ringlets so glossy all-matted, that clung
Round the brow of the Hunter so fair,
From the clustering rain-drops, collected, he wrung;
His beaver is clos'd, and his scymitar slung,
And his lion-heart spurns at despair.

" Some path now conduct me, O father! to find,
  By the waters to Sternbach that flow,
Where riding, some bark I may swiftly unbind,
And give the full sail to the shrill-singing wind,
  And laugh at the toils of my foe."

O'er the cheek of the hermit a frown of surprise
  Usurp'd the mild grace it had worn;
And seem'd to dissolve all the pleasing disguise
That erewhile had beam'd from his piercing black eyes,
  As he gaz'd on the stranger forlorn.

Some words did he mutter, and sudden withdrew,
  When smooth'd was each furrow with speed;
And returning, a torch from his mantle he drew,
And bade through the long vaulted cloisters pursue
  The steps to the river that lead.

Descending they fathom the deeps of the rock;
  And now the loud surges they hear;
While at times, in the pause, rose the toll of a clock,
Till the door of the grotto recoils with a shock,
  And the stars through the foliage appear.

The skiff is unmoor'd; the canvass is spread;
When lo! to embark as he flies,
Four horsemen assail him; the boldest has bled;
The second, his scymitar joins to the dead;—
The grotto for refuge he tries.

The hermit betrays him! the torch is no more;
The bolts creaking rudely are drawn;
Yet hopes he the bark to obtain, from the shore
With caution and boldness at once to pass o'er,
And clasp Genevieve at the dawn!

PART III.

SONG.

O! SLEEP thee, my baby, thy father's away,
And sad is thy mother, and long is his stay;
O! sleep thee, my baby, thy father's delight;
The wind it is piercing, and dark is the night.

Five long days ago he had promised to be,
My poor little boy, with thy mother and thee;
Five long days are past, and no father returns;
For thee and for Rosenberg Genevieve mourns.

The chamois that's swiftest o'er rock and o'er hill,
That chamois he hunts, and that chamois will kill;
Then sleep, O my baby! though he be away,
For sure he will kiss thee at dawning of day.

Thus, simply and sad, to the silence of night,
  O'er the castle-walls lofty and strong,
A lady had lean'd with her bosom's delight,
Awaiting her lord, since the fading of light,
  And warbled at times her sweet song.

The moon now was up, and its silver beam play'd
  On a cheek that was fair as the rose;
And blue as the heav'ns were the eyes that had made
The boast of the Tyrol submit to the maid,—
  Leopolstadt and him to be foes.

Long, long had she listen'd; no vision, her eye,
  No echo had startled her ear;
No baron's white plume could the mourner descry;
No rattle of hoofs o'er the forest that fly,
  To her bosom gave respite from fear.

The winds whistled loud through the lindens so tall,
  The Drave roll'd its billows below,
And swollen by torrents lash'd wildly the wall,
When heard was a voice to the centinel's call,
  And a bark 'neath the turret to row.

No challenge re-echoes, no boatman is seen,
  And Fancy is prone to deceive;
A moment of pause, and in music I ween
As soft as e'er warbled from sweet Mandolin,
  These sounds stole on fair Genevieve.

SONG.

Think, O lady! every feature
  Beauty's softest touch imprest;
Love is madness; thou a creature
  To make love and madness blest.

From thy fond one's bosom turning,
  Lovely truant! wouldst thou fly?
And give the soul with rapture burning,
  Cruel! only give, to die.

But lo! the Tyrant!! Lady think thee;—
O'er these waters shun thy foe!
Lady haste—for holy pity!
Clasp thy babe, and let us go.

Again all is mute, round the turret she goes,
When a shade by the moonshine is seen;
In mantle of sables, gigantic, it rose,
And taller and taller appalling it grows,
And warlike and pensive its mien.

"Say, stranger! from whence are the sounds that I hear?
A wildness pathetic they bring;
And sweet as the strains on Isola so dear,
That sooth me in anguish, or nerve me in fear,
And carol the joys of the spring!

"And whence too art thou at this hour of the dead?
Thy errand, thy name, and thy way?"—
"O lady! with secrets of import I've sped,
From the pass of Renzerren where heroes have bled,
For the beauty of Sternbach—to say,

" ' O haste thee, my Fair! ere thy Rosenberg die,
  Sorely wounded he faints on the plain;
Lord Athelbert's gone, Leopolstadt is nigh,
Then secret and swift let my Genevieve fly
  With my boy, to behold me again.' "

" Whoever the stranger mysterious may be,
  Nor with thee must Genevieve go,
Nor burning with shame shall my Athelbert see
A sister adored, so abandon'd to thee.—
  What, warder! what, sentinel, ho!"

" Nor warder, nor sentinel, Lady, can hear;
  To Rosenberg swift I return;
But O! can I picture the soul-wringing tear,
The tumult of passion, the madness of fear,
  In his proud swelling heart that will burn.

" ' Is Genevieve false,' (he will wildly exclaim)
  ' The Genevieve chosen by me?
Then Truth is a wanton, and Virtue a name,
And woman alone dares to glory in shame,
  If this, that thou speakest, can be.'

"Hist! beating the turf, with loud halloos they ride,
Now gallop the causeway along;
And ha! shall the Tyrant seize Rosenberg's bride?
The scarf too behold! 'twas by Genevieve tied,
That she wove for the breast of the strong."

PART IV.

"O STAY thee, O stay thee! kind stranger, awhile,
All my bosom full fain would relent:
On the face of my boy sweetly rises a smile;
On thy tongue I distinguish no accent of guile:
The scarf too, by Rosenberg sent!"

Now down from the castle wall lightly she goes,
Her boy softly rock'd in her arms;
O'er the high-battled courts with impatience she glows,
Nor mountain dog rouses, long sunk in repose,
Nor Genevieve's light step alarms.

The postern is left; to the rampart she hies;
  And the green-moated ditch has she past:
In the boat has she stept, o'er the water she flies;
And silent and oft her conductor she eyes,
  As he bends to the loud hollow blast.

Along the dark waves, slow and solemn, the chime
  Of the clock from the castle was borne;
And her eyes oft unconscious the turret would climb,
Where the moon softly silver'd her lattice sublime.—
  And oft did she sigh for the morn.

And sad was his glance through the vizor of steel;
  The casque's waving plumage was proud.
"Brave, brave," (would he mutter) as crouch'd to the keel
With his brand, as if sounding, the current he'd feel;
  And clatter'd his mail as he bow'd.

"Quick, quick thee, my boat; quick, quick and away;
  Full soon shall our voyage be sped;
For yonder we stop by the rock-stone of grey,
From whence, nor far distant, I trow is the way,
  Genevieve! to thy Rosenberg's bed!"

Then the babe he caress'd, with a smile that I ween
  Was the conflict of sadness and joy;
When the helmet unlac'd, and the long-flowing screen
That wrapt him securely, he toss'd on the green,
  And snatch'd to his bosom the boy.

But O! who can paint all the wildness of fear
  That rush'd over Genevieve's soul,
When an eye glazy dim with the last mortal tear,
And a voice, as sepulchral as e'er met the ear,
  The fatal similitude stole.

"Look, look thee, my Genevieve! prone from that rock,
  But a few fading hours have retired,
Ere the murderers flung me with soul-taunting mock,
My blood-streaming bosom all gash'd with the shock,—
  'Neath the wide-roaring Drave I expired!

"And now, lo! the torches how redly they glare
  O'er the ramparts once Rosenberg's home:
Leopolstadt still hopes that my Genevieve's there;
His poniards, all thirsting for Rosenberg's heir,
  Through the deep vaulted passages roam.

"Yet though by his steel the bold Hunter is gored,
Genevieve, thou shalt ever be mine!
My boy too shall smile at the vaunts of his sword,
For Rosenberg rules at the blood-curdled ford;
Then come, O my loved one! I'm thine."

Round her waist, sadly yielding, his icy arms flew,
And rattled each bone as he prest;
And closer and closer the trembler he drew,
Till fainter and fainter poor Genevieve grew,
And sunk, with her boy, on his breast.

"Mine, mine, she is mine!" wildly laughing he cries,
"Our bridals expect us below."
Then round in the eddy the spectre's boat flies,
The waters yawn deep, and the black billows rise,
And above them, unfathom'd, they flow.

NOTES ON GENEVIEVE.

Note 1.—Page 3.

"On the banks of the Drave," &c.

The scene of this poem is laid in the Tyrol; a country which has of late so strongly excited the attention and sympathy of Europe. The Drave is a considerable river of Germany, that takes its rise in the Tyrol.

Note 2.—Page 4.

"O'er yon mountain of eagles," &c.

A mountain of the Tyrol.

Note 3.—Page 11.

"White as snow, from the baron's proud crest."

The white plume is the distinctive badge of the Barons of the Tyrol.

ODES,

AND OTHER POEMS;

CHIEFLY AMATORY AND DESCRIPTIVE.

IN FOUR BOOKS.

BOOK I.

TO HEBE.

O TUSCULUM! I love thy bowers, (1)
And breezy hills, and lingering flowers,
Where happier moments saw my heart
Of thy dear circle form a part!
For, there, was mine the envied store
Of classic taste that proud could soar;
And lore profound, and genius strong,
That roll'd their golden tides along.

I ask not wealth, I court not power,
The bubbles of a fretful hour,
That never have the heart imprest
With what is noblest, what is best!
Nor, at ambition's iron knee,
A servile suppliant would be,
To fawn and cringe to every fool,
That giddy mounts on fortune's stool;—
Virtue alone, with me, can make
Distinction,—and for virtue's sake.

Through life, O lady! might I be
Thy guardian sylph, I'd whisper thee,
If doom'd down fashion's stream to glide,
To make meek modesty thy guide,
Nor ape the gladiator's face,
And the bold eyes that murder grace;
The stentor voice, presuming, fierce,
That dares at once "to cart and tierce"—
And all the amphibious tricks beside,
That winning delicacy hide. (2)

But most, O! most indignant, hate
The female gamester's doleful state, (3)
Who trick'd in smiles she never feels,
Her arts at Folly's shrine reveals:—
Where envy, malice, ruin spring
At every breath, on busy wing,
Lo! how she gasping strains for breath,
As fly the spots of life and death;
And many a bosom panting near,
Endures the chilling throes of fear;
While shifting like cameleon dyes,
Th' inexorable idol flies!—
'Tis this that sears the finest face,
And robs it of a world of grace;
And bids avenging furies rove
The paradise that's form'd for love.

Nor did the bard, though bent to trace
The vernal beauties of thy face,
But gaze upon the forehead white
On which reposed thy ringlets bright;

Or eyes, whose sunny glow could roll
Enchantment on the frozen soul;—
For thine's the mind with virtue fraught,
And clear, correct, aspiring thought,
Such as might oft, divining, dwell
With Midnight in her starry cell,
And lure from Science many a balm,
To shed on life a holy calm!

MORNING.

A DESCRIPTIVE POEM.

(INSCRIBED TO JULIANA.)

AWAKE, awake! the laughing Hours
O'er Flora's lilied couch that play,
From violet dells and hawthorn bow'rs
Fling all the balmy sweets of May;
Now wreath Aurora's yellow hair
With dewy rose-buds glist'ning fair;
Or now the coursers of the sky
With braids of bright carnations tie,
And bid their snowy manes adorn
The chariot of the Morn,
Lo! onward Zephyretta leads (4)
With wand of pearl the winged steeds;
Her brow with silver lilies drest,
And dazzling as her radiant breast:

Swift rolling o'er the fields of light
The wheels of amber sparkle bright;
And Ocean from his throne divine
Sees ev'ry hoar-cliff softer shine;
And on the eagles eïry play
The orient glories of the day;
And from his adamantine shore,
The giant forests prouder soar.

O come, my Fair! the blushing Morn,
Whose smiles thy sweeter smiles adorn,
With pouting coyness chides thy stay—
Come, lovely vision! come away!
For thee she bids th' ambrosial rose
Its bloom to clothe thy cheek disclose;
For thee the sapphire's trembling ray,
In all thy melting glances play!—
The wild birds, warbling, teach their song
Where Echo laughs her grots among:
And lo! where Health on tiptoe stands
To lead thee through the fairy lands!

From yonder arbour ever-green
  O see! the mountain nymph appears;
Her cheek of brown more touching seen,
  Empearl'd with Nature's tears!
Her truant locks that through the grove
With every wanton Zephyr rove,
  Nor myrtle chaplet binds;
The rattling shafts her shoulders show,
And grasps her hand the huntress bow,—
  A bugle-horn she winds;
And courts the upland's checquer'd side,
And beats the thicket skirting wide,
Beneath whose brow the wild-goats sleep
    And dizzy torrents leap;
There, loves to dwell,—to her more dear
  The hard and homely fare,
With toil to laugh, his gibe to hear,
  Than pine on courtly fare!
Sportive to chase the rushing tide
  O'er mountain, moor, and glen,
Where innocence and peace reside
  From pride, and prideful men!

And nursed in lap of toil, the swain
Fells lustily the bearded grain;
And smiles, upon each little face,
The lines of her he loved to trace;
The world forgetting, and forgot,
Save that within his simple cot,
As lightly on his rushy bed,
Uncourted slumbers bow his head.

Lo! frisking o'er the broomy hill
The flocks in sportive chase,
At once the dawning landscape fill
With animated grace;
Or crop the tender leaflets 'round,
Or nibble on the primrose ground!
See in yon chesnuts awning shade
The peasant clasp the loitering maid,
With blue-bells bind her flaxen hair,
With kisses paint her lip more fair,
And oft with turtle-eye askance
Steal love's recording glance!

Crown'd with the plumes the ostrich wore,
  And woke in cany groves,
Now on Quïola's citron shore
  The sable warrior roves;
  With swift canoe o'er ocean rides,
  And sings amid the surging tides:—
  In Montmorenci's glistening vale,
  Where Plenty's shouts the vintage hail,
  And rose-trees intermingling twine
  Their sparkling cestus for the vine;
  The shepherd youth, while round him lie
  His snowy lambs with asking eye,
      Attunes the plaintive lay;
  Or sprightly changing on the ear,
  Breathes on his flageolet so clear
      The merry roundelay;
  Or, in some dimpling brook, the while,
  He, musing, sees his fair one smile.

Like to the dawn of rolling years
  When time and hope were new;
At will, eccentric Fancy cheers
  The soul with fond review;

And many a poignant sigh, the while,
With hours of solace can beguile!
How dear yon streamlet's whisp'ring flow, (5)
That first received the love-sick tale!
How gay the flowers along it blow!
How smooth its water's sail!
As from the faded spoils of time,
Re-bloom to fancy's eye
The fairy scenes of sunny prime,
So long departed by!
When Hope of each seducing hue,
In gossamer the future drew;
And with Imagination's aid,
A paradise had made:
The soul, nor then, the changeling knew,
But clung to witchings sweetly wild;
Thought all was fair, as all was new,
And on the future smiled.

Soon from the gaudy visions torn,
The orphan heart was left to mourn;

As sage Experience, calmly stern,
Bade it a colder lesson learn;
And all the gary landscape's pride
In gloom of chilling winter died!
Yet think!—whose footsteps would not stray
Awhile in bland delusion's way,
And pluck from life's expanding morn
The rose that never own'd a thorn?
Though on that dawn, so passing fair,
Should roll the tempests of despair;
When here impending trials wait,
That crush the weak, and bow the great,
And make this wilderness to seem
Unlovely as an old man's dream!

And shall no joy the heart beguile,
  As up the tide of time we steer;
Nor happy youth awake the smile,
  Nor consecrate the tear?
Yes! though the magic of the mind
A sumptuous revelry design'd;

Though Ruin, 'mid ambrosial bloom, (6)
Hung the dark cypress of the tomb;
And o'er a pure and argent sky
Saw desolating whirlwinds fly;
Yet still the scene in meteors drest,
  A pleasing melancholy brings;
And all romantic hope possest
  From Memory's pencil springs!

Woke by the sparrow's chirping loud
  At drowsy peep of dawn,
Lo! how the cottage circle crowd
  Upon the daisied lawn;
Their ruddy cheeks contentment show,
And health embrowns the ruddy glow!
The social mastiff near them bounds,
And now their teazing sport surrounds
  His neck, with ringlets gay;
Patient, in sober guise he stands,
And often licks their little hands,
  And courts the harmless play.

Now to the hedge they swift repair,
  And pluck the primrose pale;
Now, circling, cull with prouder care
  The lily of the vale:—
  Or near the dovecote, tempting, throw
  The crumbs, advancing slow,
  And loudly laugh to hear the dove
  Coo softly to his love!
But homeward to his healthy cheer
  The smiling father hies;
His whistle known afar they hear,
  And each impatient flies;
  The rival clusters, late so fair,
  No longer claim a moment's care;
  The race of love alone they mind,
  To leave each other's love behind!

Yon snowy canvass steals a ray
  As proud its fluttering robe unfurls;
Majestic, through the fluid way
  The prow divides the azure curls;

Propitious airs in rustling sighs,
Bid gay and genial breezes rise;
Embroider'd streams the painted sail,
That pants upon the winged gale;
The ensign fades, the topmast high
In distance mingles with the sky;
And scarce an airy speck is seen,
To give us where it once had been!

Such jocund beams I saw adorn
The gallant bark that bore
My youthful heart, in spring of morn,
From Erin's emerald shore;
Yet not untouch'd,—though hope imprest
A thousand visions on my breast,
For thee, my country, loved so dear,
Unconscious stream'd the patriot tear,
As thy green hills, in fading blue,
But dimly rose the expanse o'er:
So Mary gazed her long adieu,
When parting from her native shore. (7)

O, holy debt! to feeling just,
From ev'ry pure and gen'rous heart;
That sacred holds thy country's dust,
Though it and thee the poles should part;
That still in memory's shrine can stand
Embalm'd upon a foreign strand,
Memorial of thy native land!

Though, pride of Lusitania's fair!
To thee I breathed a last farewell;
And saw, I own, with poignant care,
For me the signal topsail swell; (8)
While ling'ring on the lovely strand,
To catch once more thy parting form,
The ocean kiss'd by breezes bland,
Yet seem'd to me the sport of storm;
O! 'twas my soul so knit to thee,
Like Noah's dove that back must flee;
No spot of rest the heart could find,
Save in the temple of thy mind.—
Yet not Cidazzo's almond bowers,
Whose fruits descend in golden showers;

Not the delicious winds that fan
The magic groves of Ispahan;
Not all that Pitti's landscapes give,
Where endless change and beauty live;
Not all profusion's bounty teems
Spontaneous, like Elysian dreams,
  In the Atlantic Eden's smile; (9)
Where, twins, the Spring and Autumn grow,
And flowers and fruits, commingling, blow
  Eternal through the changeless isle,—
Can charm, as when with joy I roam
The pathway to my native home.

Perch'd on the rocks whose summit braves
Electric foam, and warring waves,
Behold the pouncing ospreys soar,
And mock the fretful billows roar;
And watch the humid sparkles fly,
(Eternal rainbow of the sky.)
The sea birds dive in ocean deep,
Or o'er the waveless azure sweep,

Now, dipping, flap the sun-bright wing,
And shrilly call the council ring;
Or high the shaves of waters blow,
Or smooth on flakes of silver flow;
While glossy dyes their plumes adorn
That glisten in the tints of morn.

At such an hour, perception springs
More clear and hidden wisdom brings,
When Nature's bounties fresher glow,
Above, around us, and below:—
As charm'd we note each varied kind,
All woke by the Creative mind;
With science would I wander there,
Where spreads Laguna's forest fair; (10)
On Willem's plains at sunrise hail (11)
Virginia's sad and simple tale;
Or there, o'er Indian seas where rise
Bourbon's volcanoes to the skies,
Explore the lone and fairy land
The soul of taste and genius plann'd,

Where Julia's grotto still could be (12)
An Eden of delight to me:
There think, like him who form'd the spell,
Of charity he lov'd so well,
And all my mind like his be giv'n,
To climb by virtuous paths to heav'n!

Say ye, whose souls to nature dead,
But nature's noblest aim oppose;
Why loitering on a downy bed,
Yawn out unblest repose?
Ye who adore at folly's shrine,
The dupes of chance, the slaves of wine;
Who time despise, and pleasure call
The dice, the riot, and the ball;—
O! might you, in seclusion's shade,
With contemplation once be laid,
Where the cascades high-leaping run,
Whose silver spray first meets the sun;
And proud the pregnant meads unfold,
And mountain forests nod with gold;

There listen, while the wild lark tries
With anthem loud to scale the skies,
And glance as far as mortal bound,
The cheek with florid vigour crown'd:
Then would ye boast that scenes like these
Less touch the man, or touching, please?

Soon, o'er the vast, yon flaming sun
As glowing bright he flies,
Shall bid new worlds from chaos dun,
To warmth and light arise;
While echoing bland with frolic glee,
Awakes all Nature's revelry;
And copses bloom, and uplands blue
Girdled with starry gems of dew;
And purling rills meander wide
Adown the hamlet's checquer'd side;
While lily-scented breezes blow,
To fan the bosom's rising glow!

Too warm thy cheek already shows—
Daughter of Thea! haste, repose!

Where beds of orient pearl expand,
And show'rs prolific wait thy hand;
And winds and planets 'round diffuse (13)
Their coolest airs and blandest dews,
Such as in Delian isle renown'd,
Orion—hapless hunter! found. (14)
And well I know, to thee, how dear
For haunts like these thy car to steer,
And while the fiery radiance burns,
  To breathe a milder air;
Where Naiads pour their silver urns
  To lave thy bosom fair;
And their blue flowers with mingling red,
The graceful, fair lianas spread;
And near the melon's rich perfume
The Persian lilac loves to bloom:—
There, shaded by the Indian bower,
To sleep away the sultry hour
  Beside some torrent's fall;
Or breast the waves that, dimpling, sail,
Or drink the orange-breathing gale
  Beneath some plantane tall.

MONODY

ON THE DEATH OF A LADY.

Ye willow'd banks! along whose crystal side
I've wander'd oft to watch the vernal flow'r,
When first luxuriant, in its morning hour,
Its blossoms blew on Banna's winding tide;
Ah! mourn with me for lovely Julie gone—
She sleeps beneath yon stone;
No eye to glisten at the minstrel's song
That erst could cheer
Those blooming haunts so dear,
While hundred echoes bore the strains along.

No more, her flaxen tresses on the wind
  Disporting light, shall ye arrest my love!
  No more your bowers her winged footsteps rove
That left the Nymphs and Oreads far behind;
    How oft did I delight,
    Upon her forehead white
To see the lily of the vale repose;
    For not more fair
    Its lustre could compare,
Nor yet more chaste its spotless bosom shows.

She, lovely stranger! in a foreign land,
  Droop'd like the Pætan rose in Varna's clime; (15)
  For O! she left Salerno's vallies bland,
And scenes of beauty ever spared by time,
  For bleak and ruder regions such as ours;—
  And bright through infancy her garish hours,
Till at th' invader's grasp a mother flew
    Her orphan youth to save
    From ruin's darkest grave,
And those whose hands a gallant brother slew.

Scarce had the Graces in their vermil bloom
  Blown on her cheek, and smiled upon her form,
  And everlasting sunshine seem'd to rule the storm,
When spoke the still small whisper of the tomb:—
  Soft as the summer heav'ns, as mild and clear,
  When Maia leads the year,
Health lightly caroll'd with the fairy hours;
    And gay, insidious love,
    His wiles to prove,
Had strewn her path with hope's enchanting flowers.

E'en then, while to a parent's doating heart,
  The sum of happiness seem'd all its own,
  And all her time-blanch'd locks more silv'ry shone,
Joy's fickle visions chose at once to start,—
  On flouting pinions far away would fly
  Beyond the stretch of mortal eye;
The lilies languish, and the roses red
    Nor own a long decay,
    But die at once away,
The stream of life, no more, that erst their beauties fed.

So faded Julie, from her native air!
Her soul, the mirror of exalted truth,
Where hoary wisdom won the vows of youth,
And sprightly fancy dwelt with solemn care;
Her purity of thought,
That angels might have taught,
Was breath'd in dove-like modesty sincere,
While, for the stranger's woe,
Full oft a tear would flow,
To tell of human happiness the bier.

Ah! what is death? say, dwells it in that sigh
So soft, so mild, so angel-like serene, (16)
That ushers in so calm, yet dark a scene,
And bids the lustres vanish from the eye;
And blights, ah me! with cruel breath the while,
The blush of beauty, and the dimpling smile?
No more, light-springing from the sounding lyre,
Can Music's voice
The silent heart rejoice,
Or warm the bosom with its former fire!

O! if the lone, and cold, and silent tomb
  But gives to every heart a deep repose;
  A parting requiem to the pilgrim's woes;
Why shrinks the soul to hail the friendly gloom,
  Where joyful virtue rests at length secure
  In humble confidence and transport pure?
While, having climb'd the steep ascent of air,
    The free, eternal soul,
    When years shall cease to roll,
In the new Salem's courts shall live immortal, ever-fair!

And can the sickle on that flower intrude?
  How gently close the eye-lid's parting veil!
  How swift the currents from that bosom steal
The warmth that cherish'd all that's fair and good!
    How soon the vivid blaze of sense,
    That Genius would dispense,
At once dissolves,—for ever mute the tongue
    That flattery call'd divine;
    And sure, more chaste than thine
No soft persuasion on the lip e'er hung!

Cold, cold the heaving greensward wraps her breast,
  Where the sweet dews by pensive twilight shed,
  Gem the long grass, that wild o'er Julie's bed
Waves to the wind, by melancholy drest!
  There elfin hands shall silv'ry osiers bind
  Around the sod low murmuring in the wind;
Emblem of truth! to strew thy timeless grave,
      Their rival hands shall fling
      The choice of all the spring,
And chief, the snow-drops there above thee love to wave.

And if, perchance, to pause upon thine urn,
  While o'er the ocean's burnish'd bosom play
  The radiant glories of departing day,
Mild Contemplation bids the stranger mourn,
  And points where Julie, young and lovely, sleeps;
  O! as he pensive leans, and musing weeps
Where withers Beauty in her morning bloom;
      E'en then celestial fire
      May all his soul inspire
Some sweeter dirge to breathe above her tomb.

ATHGARVAN.

INSCRIBED TO AN AMIABLE FRIEND.

By thy soft-shaded glens and thy murmuring fountains, (17)
With Hope, my companion, how oft have I stray'd,
While lightly recumbent upon thy green mountains
The sunbeams at eve on the foliage have play'd;
And thy bowers I have wound, when the tints of the morning
Upon the white tents in the distance would glance;
As gay in the orient, their plumage adorning,
I mark'd the bright files of the warriors advance.

How dear, O Athgarvan! to me were thy echoes
  That rung, sweetly wild, to the bugle's loud horn!
The trumpet's shrill call that at dawn would awake us;
  The buds that just peep'd from the dew-spangled thorn;
But dearer, far dearer, my bosom could cherish
  The friend I there priz'd for the wealth of her soul;
Whose bliss to ensure, with delight I could perish;
  Whose smile could inspire me tho' chill'd at the pole.

Thy virtues, Louisa! imparted a pleasure
  The wealth of the haughty in vain would bestow;
And softly transplanted the mind's speaking treasure
  To cheeks where the roses of innocence blow:
While wisdom had blended, a magic to borrow,
  With meekness of spirit that all must delight;
And Pity, when melting thy blue eyes to sorrow,
  Had stolen their beams from the angels of light.

Ye knolls so luxuriant! ye woodlands so fair!
  Ye chesnuts o'er-arching the Liffey's deep fall!
Ye banks where I've roam'd, unaffected by care,
  Or found in her friendship a solace for all!

No more must I lean where your waters meander,
  To watch the sea-fowl that skim lightly along;
No more through your groves with Louisa shall wander,
  And hark, as the wood-pigeon murmurs his song.

Adieu, then, adieu! downy hours that have flown,
  When peace and contentment were pilgrims below;
And pleasure's light pulse the enchantment would own,
  And bade all the bosom in sympathy glow;
And thou, too, adieu! ever charming and kind!
  Though time may essay the remembrance to sever;
Yet the bloom of thy form, and the charms of thy mind
  Shall blossom, unfading, for ever and ever!

SILVER LOCKS.

ANACREONTIC.

SAY not the silver locks of time
In hoary pride my temples climb;
Nor, teazing girl! that wrinkles chase
The smiles that revell'd on my face,
When hope was blithe, and life was new,
And Rosalind was fair as you.

Still blooms, for me, undying spring;
For me the village maidens sing;
For me the rural dance prolong,
And wildly chaunt the mountain song;
And still my silver locks entwine
With myrtle leaves and jessamine.

Yoked on the winds, at will I roam,
And make with visions past my home;
And smile to see young Beauty deck
With auburn curls her glowing neck;
While envious Time, if near he stray,
I drive with ruffled plumes away.

And oft delightful memory shows
The dewy dawn of life that rose,
When in festoons of myrtle lay
Coy Mirth, and whiled the hours away;
And woman stole, so archly wild,
To kiss the rosy-cradled child.

O, woman! gentlest, loveliest, best,
O'er all supreme, by all confest!
Whose smile in gloom, and grief, and sorrow,
Can light a sunshine for to-morrow;
Of thee bereft, we toil in vain,
For pleasure only reaping pain.

Then think no more my cheek less bright,
My rolling glances set in night;
Or faded on my brow the rose
That blooms unhurt in winter snows;
Or dead the heart can ever be
That, lovely woman! beats for thee.

DEATH OF ADONIS.

On car of pearl, Dioné's grot
The laughter-loving fair one sought,
Queen of beauty, queen of smiles,
Pleasing pains and tender wiles;
The silver shell, on rosy springs,
Link'd to the sparrow's silken wings:
While milk-white swans exulting steer,
As Cupid mounts the charioteer.

Though stream her eyes with lambent fires,
Wishes warm, and soft desires,
"Adieu!" (the radiant Venus cries)
"To groves where clouds of incense rise;

A mother's smile I haste to meet,
And feel the throb of welcome sweet;
Where wildly bloom the sea-green flowers,
Mermaid beds, and Nereid bowers,
Sapphire cells, and coral caves,
Curtain'd by the emerald waves;
But still I sigh, and long to be
Adonis, charming youth, with thee!"

The lash resounds, the chariot flies,
And smoothly cuts the amber skies;
The snowy swans that skim along
Chaunt their soft and dying song;
The turtle-doves, in billings sweet,
Coo round the myrtle-woven seat;
And Graces gay, in jocund care,
Braid with flowery wreaths her hair.

Nor Dion's grot, nor Dion's smile,
Can sooth her panting soul the while!
She bids the sparrows onward lead
By forest glade, and tangled mead;

Till soon in rising prospect show
The scatter'd darts, and hunter-bow;
And clust'ring drops of crimson hue,
That all the blushing green bedew.
Apart, the broken jav'lin stood,
Its cornel shaft besmear'd with blood;
And near, a youth's transcending form,
That, hapless! met the roaring storm.

Cupid alarm'd, the silence breaks,
(His aspen tongue in tremor speaks)—
"Some mortal sobs away his breath
Beneath the icy grasp of death;
Or rather seems in Jove's despite,
Some god, by Pluto hurl'd to night."
Now stopt the car, where full in view
Her youth the startling goddess knew;
Knew, by the thousand charms that deck
His manly form and ivory neck;
That neck round which so oft she clung;
Those lips on which her own had hung;

And saw, O heart-distracting sight!
Clotted with gore his ringlets bright;
And, fugitive, the graces fade,
That round the Syrian hunter play'd. (18)

Then, stretch'd upon the turf supine,
She threw her snowy limbs divine,
And gazed the pallid body o'er,
Pierc'd by the tusky mountain boar;
While softly chiding one so dear,
She thought he heard, or seem'd to hear:—
"O youth! most priz'd of mortal race,
With Phœbus' form, and Hebe's face,
Why, cruel! why refuse to bend
Attentive to thy warning friend!
How oft I sued thee to beware,
Nor make the toilsome chase thy care;
The mountain savage to invade,
Nor beat the lair in ambush'd shade;
And still the fond injunction gave,
For me, for me, thy life to save!

A goddess woo'd thee to her arms,
The goddess too of soft alarms;
Whom e'en immortals, throned above
In proud Olympus fail to move;
Yet all Adonis shared with me,
A mortal wed divinity."

She said, and on the purpling turf,
Bright as the foam of ocean's surf,
Closer and closer wildly drew,
And fonder to his bosom grew;
Prest on the lifeless lips a kiss
Enough to wake the dead to bliss,
And while no pressure warm replies
In lone despair sighs echo sighs;
And trickling tears unnumber'd flow
In all the luxury of woe;
These, o'er his brow, as sad they stray,
Her golden tresses kiss away.

ABSENCE.

WRITTEN IN PORTUGAL.

TO JULIANA.

Go, happy bark! that o'er yon summer sea
  To winds of morn expands the Latine sail,
And tell my Fair, who only thinks on me,
  My canvass trembles in the moonlight pale;
  Soon, soon unmoor'd to court the gales that sweep
  From golden Tajo o'er the western deep.

Tell, in the calmness of these April hours,
  My heart, the fugitive, disdains to rest
Where lemon groves perfume, and linden bowers,
  And palms wide-branching o'er the cygnet's nest;
  Soft are the shades, and smooth the waters play,
  But absence makes a winter of the May.

How sweet to me the spicy breath of morn
  When the young musk-rose bathes in silver dew;
And sweet the blossoms of the summer born,
  That wake the Indian hyacinth to view;
  But ah! more sweet the image to the soul
  That all its stormy passions can controul.

Hers is the mighty prize—the golden lyre
  That hung, untuned, thro' many an age so long!
Ambrosial softness, and melodious fire
  Glow on her lips, and warble in her song!
  O'er her white brow, in amaranthine bloom,
  Genius enthroned sits smiling at the tomb.

Through the wide-rolling ocean's world of space,
  Thee, happy bark, my fair one shall explore!
O'er some impending cliff impatient trace,
  And sooth the winds to speed thee to the shore;
  Then say to her, that native land how dear,
  Still named with sighs, and usher'd by a tear!

ON

VISITING THE SPLENDID CONVENT OF BATALHA, IN PORTUGAL.

All hail, ye spires! whose cluster gay
Arrests the radiant blaze of day!
Caught from whose painture, rich and warm,
A thousand rainbow glories charm;
And play, of light a thousand streams
Reflected from the golden beams!
Ye haunts, so holy, so retired,
Whose solemn calm my soul inspired
With awe as pure, and peace as true
As e'er imagination drew;
No more of vanity I hear,
No rowling storms assail the ear;
Nor loud ambition's giddy pride,
That fattens on corruption's tide;

Nor envy's coiling snakes affright,
Whose mortal sting eludes the sight.
O! could the world, so idly vain,
Here mete its pleasure and its pain,
In solitude no vizor show,
But bliss, ingenuous, seek to know,
How changed our pilgrimage might be,
And life no more be misery!

How still is Nature all around
Save when ascends the chanters sound,
And full the organ's tones are given,
That on them waft the soul to heav'n!
How gay the cherry-checquer'd vale,
Scarce fann'd by evening's dewy gale;
While glist'ning shoots the budding vine,
And rills in shades of orange shine;
And crown'd with olives, hills appear
Whose girdle blue contains the year;
And laughing suns triumphant play,
Like those that deck the throne of May!

These towers impregn'd with earliest Spring,
Saw gothic Fancy's boldest wing,
And brilliant Art, and happy Grace
The wonders of the chisel trace !—
The slender shafts, the columns fine
And rounded beauty of design,
Recording, speak in every stone,
And all the proud conception own.
Though all her blaze ere Fame had shed,
The sable sister cut the thread;
On raven wing the arrow flew,
The triumph check'd, the artist slew;
Yet Genius still, to times unborn,
Shall point the beauties that adorn
Where guardian angels fondly keep
The ashes that with monarchs sleep;
Still, from this cenotaph to raise
(Of kings the glory and the praise)
A triumph ages yet might see
Twin-born with Immortality.

THE KISS;

OR, MALVA ASLEEP.

(INDIAN SCENE.)

How gay are the banks of the streamlet so clear,
  All hung with the nectarine bowers!
How tuneful the songsters that ravish the ear
  From tufts of the guava's white flowers!

The beautiful muscadines purple the grove;
  The melons so fragrant, between;
And lofty bananas, wide-waving above,
  O'er-arch with their foliage the scene.

Where mangoes and roses there bend to the stream,
My maid, my sweet Malva, I see!
With her cane-bow and arrows—O! let my love dream,
For dear is my Indian to me.

Now ye plantains so broad, close your umbrage around,
And shade from the vertical day;
And ye winds and ye waters nor murmur a sound,
Lest the theft to my love ye betray!

Then the fruitage that nods on the cocoa so tall,
Though I climb to present to her lip;
She would scorn, though to me her acceptance was all;
Nor the sweet milky nectar would sip.

And for her when the figs I would gather so bright,
The ripest that swell'd on the tree,
No more she'd receive with a smile of delight,
And say, "they were sweeter from me."

Not the cloves that expand of a brilliant blood-red
With her lips of carnation compare;
Not the lilac of Persia that waves its proud head
Delights like her beautiful hair.

Not the graceful lianas in yon tufted bowers,
That bask in the sunbeam so high;
And charm with their crimson and blue-tinted flowers,
Can charm like the beams of her eye.

Unmark'd when they blossom, unwept when they fade,
The sweets of the wilderness part;
While through arbours of roses we pierce the palm shade,
And whisper the tales of the heart.

O sweet!! not the lime wafts so rich a perfume,
When kiss'd by the breezes of eve;
How flushes her cheek with a delicate bloom,
As sighs seem the bosom to heave!

Through the flame-colour'd shades of the cinnamon grove
  We'll wander and worship the day;
Where the sweet amadavid and blue pigeon rove,
  And the emerald Peroquets play! (19)

TO A LADY,

WITH A MALTESE NECKLACE AND BUGLE, PRESENTED IN RETURN FOR HER MINIATURE.

HENCE, charge of death! the warrior now, no more,
With lion-heart pursues the battle's roar;
No brazen bugles, o'er the glittering plain,
To arms, and death, and glory rouse the strain;
But Lydian measures, more delightful far,
Wake all the bosom for a softer war;
Where souls congenial to one fate aspire,
Pant for one wound, and triumph in one fire.

Then round the neck where chesnut ringlets shine
O! let thy love this magic bugle twine;
For thee its melting tenderness impart,
To soothe, and soften, and seduce the heart,

And bid the hours of speakless rapture be,
That my fond spirit still would live with thee;
For sure with thee I happiness resign'd,
Wept all thy faith, yet loved that faith to find!
Say, trembler! shall it to thy heart be prest,
And own no pillow but on beauty's breast?
Shall it then charm, when dangers 'round thee spread,
Some spot of calm and sunshine for thy head;
The fading path of years departed climb,
And snatch the rose of memory from Time?

When first I saw thee, O! auspicious day!
In Lota's lovely woods, so wildly gay,
I found thee beauteous as the dawning spring,
When to the spray's first buds the linnets sing;
Thy bosom tranquil as the infant's mind,—
Tender, and chaste, and innocent, and kind;
How on thy lips, devotion's self, I've hung,
And drank the balm of wisdom from thy tongue;
And found in thee the graces that allure,
And soul and sentiment, as angels', pure.

Oft as the pencil's glowing tints I trace,
That boldly sketch the beauties of thy face,
I think some more than mortal aid is giv'n,
Some bending seraph smiles the soul to heav'n;
The artist's hand appears almost divine,
And yields alone to glories such as thine;
Silent—retired—when Night her mantle throws
O'er lovers' joys, and heightens lovers' woes,
Image of thee! this holy pledge I keep,
Gaze on each feature, and forget to sleep;
O'er every scene my captive senses rove,
And Fancy pictures all the Fair I love;
Or if perchance too fugitive they stray,
And all my bliss in visions dies away;
Still as I wake, the semblance here I view,
And all the past arises sadly true.

And, O, believe! when far, far hence I roam,
Far from Eliza's smile, Eliza's home,
In each vicissitude thy form shall prove
Guide of my soul, and guardian of my love!

Shall cheer the lone savanna's deep'ning gloom,
And breathe a verdure of immortal bloom:
Between us wide, though, many an ocean o'er,
The winds unheard by one another roar;
Though pathless realms, unmeasured, intervene,
And woods, and rocks, and Andes rise between,
Yet, still untired, my soul will spring to thee,
Dare all the land, and brave the boisterous sea;
Kiss off the tear yet trembling in thine eye,
And on the pillow of thy bosom lie;
Glue thy warm lips, and—toil and peril o'er—
But meet at last, to part with thee no more.

TO A LADY,

ON THE ADVANTAGES OF POETICAL TASTE.

O YES, still believe me, unchanged and sincere,
'Tis my pride and my glory to be;
Nor think that another to me can be dear,
As the one I have whisper'd to thee.

Though the heart that is dead to the smile of the Muse,
Nor bleeds from the thorn she bestows;
Can the soft sigh of Pity indignant refuse,
And laugh at her tear as it flows.

No envy is mine for the dulness of soul
  That the woes of a stranger won't share;
That glows not with joy at the line or the pole,
  With contentment and happiness there.

The form that enchants me, the morning of bloom,
  That beauty, that grace must resign;
And fading be set in the night of the tomb,
  No longer adored as divine.

To me how indiff'rent the coquette, the prude,
  The gaudy, the proud, and the vain;
O, give me the bosom with feeling endued,
  The bosom alive to each pain.

The soul that in taste and in sentiment fine,
  In the Eden of Tasso can rove;
With Laura can listen in Vaucluse divine,
  And embellish its magical grove.

On the wing of sublimity mix with the sky,
  Where angels attend to the song; (20)
On the pinions of Genius transported, or fly
  With Fancy and Shakespear along.

With the elegant Pope can in luxury mourn
  O'er the beauty in Paraclete's cell;
Can bind, O Maria! thy soul-breathing urn,
  And own Collins' musical spell.

Yes! Poesy smiles on the sensitive heart,
  And attunes it to harmony's lay;
Ah! own then its charms may a polish impart,
  When the roses of Youth shall decay!

ON

PRESENTING AN ACCOMPLISHED YOUNG LADY WITH A POEM.

O'ER many a weary waste, to Mecca's shrine,
The Osman journeying at the day's decline,
Triumphant sees the monument aspire,
And all his bosom glows with all its fire.
So, when the Bard who o'er a barren way
Has trod, unblest, through many a sunless day,
Finds feeling, taste, and elegance combine
Their sweet perfections in a form like thine!
How, if he dare before that altar bend,
And sue the Deity to be his friend,
The soothing hope his pilgrimage endears,
And points the smile reflected from his tears!

THE FAREWELL.

ON LEAVING PORTUGAL FOR IRELAND, IN THE SUMMER OF 1809.

THOUGH green be thy glens so luxuriant and dear,
All the soul that subdue with the magic of grace,
Thy rivers majestic, and woodlands that wear
All of beauty pourtray'd that the fancy can trace;
Though from thy cascades so romantic and fine,
Of crystalline streams ten thousand can play;
And skies like the sapphire transparently shine,
Where Summer still lingers her incense to pay.

Though golden thy groves, where the rich-scented gale
As blossoms the orange, steals all of its charm;
And vines in profusion embellish the vale,
And melons so fragrant, and peaches so warm;
Though chesnut, and lemon, and olive trees bloom
O'er the lawns checquer'd wide and the uplands so fair,
And banks of young roses with sweetest perfume
Their bosoms unveil to the soft southern air.

And though, Lusitania! thy high-bosom'd maids (21)
With softness of soul all the heart can delight;
Whose eyes, so bewitching, a tenderness shades,
That makes lovely woman more touchingly bright;
Though skill'd in the dance, and the lute, and the song,
With thee would the choir of Mnemosyne stay,
Yet still, O ye fair! and forgive me if wrong,
From you, from all these would I wander away.

To me, dearer far is Emana's loud shore,
Where strives the Atlantic in vain to assail;
And loved, how much loved the Winter's wild roar,
That courses, O Ullin! thine emerald vale;

Where Freedom, and Beauty, and Tenderness dwell,
  The valour that triumphs, the manners that please;
And none e'en of foreign dominion can tell,
  But wander as blithe as their own native breeze.

There too are the bow'rs of my forefathers seen,
  Where, Lagan! thy waters such riches can boast;
And Nature unfolds all her mantle of green,
  The fields to adorn, and engirdle the coast;
Then what all the heart can so tenderly steal,
  Or most longs the foot of the exile to roam;
But scenes that in childhood first taught us to feel,
  And the sod, with a smile that would welcome us
    home!

ON

SEEING A BEAUTIFUL EAST INDIAN.

In march for India's golden coast,
  When first the rosy god of wine
To joyful cymbals led his host;
  Their thyrses bound with vine.

Then more he gave than precious meed
  Of snowy pearl, or diamond bright;
He taught to know the pregnant seed,
  The honey's new delight. (22)

There too, his Asian realms to grace,
  He stole from Venus every wile,
And opening bloom, and dimpled trace,
  And soft-seducing smile.

But chief, he bade the eastern eye
  A trembling, melting languor show;
And win the heart to passion's sigh,
  With joy's celestial glow.

Nor found, in vain, its radiant roll
  'Mid sunny smiles or orient dew;
But saw it bow at once the soul
  To be a convert true.

For thee, Apollo's guardian zeal
  He won, the fires of death to hide;
And bade the cooling breezes steal,
  To fan thee by Nerbudda's tide.

Let Stoics then no more decree
  That bloom but withers 'neath the line ;
Can Europe's cheek, so boasted, be
  More beauteous bright than thine ?

ON

VIEWING A CABINET OF DRAWINGS.

THE PRODUCTION OF A LADY'S PENCIL.

HAIL to the fairy bowers and charmed cell
Where thy creative genius loves to dwell;
And breathing forms disport at thy command,
Warm from the pencil of that magic hand!
Yes, here unfading all thy tints shall bloom,
While Fame and Beauty smile o'er Envy's tomb,
And point auspicious to the future hour,
When Time, subdued, shall linger near thy bower;
Lean on his wasting scythe in mute delight,
And gaze, relenting, o'er thy visions bright;

Feel all the charms the eye exults to trace,
Array'd in colours of unchanging grace,—
The blended shade, the undulating line,
Whose fair proportions nature boasts for thine;
And skies of summer blue, and dells of green
Diffuse the soft enchantment of the scene;
For, o'er thy cradle, Taste and Fancy smiled,
And lo! an Eden blossom'd in the wild!

THE TEAR.

Ah! little, lucid, trembling tear,
  In beauty's glance almost divine;
How mildly bright, how softly clear
  Thy all-expressive languors shine!

Pure emanation of the heart,
  Whose breathing eloquence can speak
How grief and joy, by turns, impart
  Their soft suffusions to the cheek.

O'er burning heath and wint'ry hill,
  For thee the soldier loves to roam;
And visions bland his bosom thrill
  To think of memory's tear at home.

While rudely cradled on the surge
  That gilds with mystic flash the prow,
Thy charms the venturous sailor urge,
  Where billows yawn, and tempests blow.

Wrapt in the shrouds, and rock'd to sleep,
  While clouds each pilot star deform;
At home he thinks he sees her weep,
  His darling fair—as howls the storm.

In thee he meets a soother kind,
  That paints the reefy coast more fair;
Till storms and breakers left behind,
  But sweet enchantment lingers there.

Then tell me, radiant beam of light!
  For me does Eva's bosom sigh;
Or dwells the seraph Hope so bright
  In Eva's blue and liquid eye?

On me, far gone, does she bestow
  At memory's altar all her heart;
Her plighted faith still brighter glow,
  Though fortune frown, and oceans part?

In festive scenes, in happier hours,
  On me shall lingering friendship muse;
Or Fancy stain her rainbow flowers,
  To weave of future life the hues?

O! gem of pity, Nature's child!
  I envy thee that coral cell;
For there intrude no visions wild,
  For there the rays of virtue dwell.

And might I from her blushing cheek
  Kiss off the pearl that there I'd find,
I'd feel it more than language speak,
  And bid it more than friendship bind.

And still as pleasure's pulse beat high,
  Thou, lovely Tear! again shouldst start,
As erst the one to Eva's eye,
  That sprang from Eva's glowing heart.

TO A LADY.

O ! IF thy form, thy face, thy mind,
  The poet's happiest skill could give;
That brow the Muses wreath should bind,
  Where all the Loves and Graces live.

Young minstrels o'er the rosy lyre
  To thee attuned, their incense bring;
And Genius breathe his living fire,
  To give thy mind immortal spring !

POLL-A-PHUCA.

ON VISITING THIS BEAUTIFUL WATERFALL, AT RUSBOROUGH, IN THE COUNTY OF WICKLOW, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1808.

(WRITTEN IN THE MOSS HOUSE.)

NYMPH of the scene! where, from a thousand rocks (23)
A thousand streams of gurgling silver flow;
While, o'er the arbutus, the browzing flocks
In giddy gaze hang on the flood below;—
Bright round thy grot of coralline they play,
And many a rainbow give of many a spangled ray.

Perch'd on the clouds, I've climb'd thy cliffs along
  Where its young leaves the sweet liburnum laves;
And sigh'd in echo to the list'ning song
  That lent its warblings to the murmuring waves;
  Or, far below, when burst the spray so high,
  Would love to catch the mountain melody.

This rural shrine, o'er willows wild that peeps,
  Where shell-enwoven moss the roof adorns,
How calm, contrasted with yon angry deeps
  That rush o'er fretted rocks, and chiding thorns;
  "Give me but here, 'tis all I ask, (I cry)
  The warmth of woman's smile, the thrill of woman's eye."

E'en then, where roll the tumbling torrents down,
  And looks the lorn pavilion o'er the vale,—
A lovely vision graced the cliff so brown,
  Her white robe wanton'd in the summer gale!
  'Twas thine, sweet nymph, th' imploring bard to charm,
  And all the soul with fond delusions arm.

The golden sun, his noontide height to climb,
O'er the blue fields of light long since had sped;
And beams, still paler, told the wane of time,
And o'er these Alps a veil of shadows spread: (24)
O! in this hour, so touching, so serene,
The soft enchantress stole upon the scene.

'Rapt as I gaz'd, my sense in sweet arrest,
From lips of glist'ning red the accents broke—
"Music has charms to sooth the savage breast,
To soften rocks, and bend the knotted oak;
And why not mine?"—Ah, no! (I sigh forlorn) (25)
The heart that woos thee, must (I fear) but mourn.

The pearly lustre of the maiden's bloom,—
The glow that dyes the bridal virgin's cheek,
When first the trembler meets her happy doom,
And murmuring sighs and blushes only speak;
Are faint and joyless to the tints I trace,
That boast, by turns, dominion of her face.

Ye flowery slopes, and rocks, and woods reclined,
  Whose wilds sublime with solemn pace I tread,
My bosom fann'd by many a summer wind,
  That breathes new-born from many a mountain bed—
  One only charm to yours could Nature give,
  And see, in Beauty's smile the fine impression live!

In other times if here my Ellen stray,
  And 'round these hermit-walls her eye shall roam;
Some tear may tremble with recording ray
  For him, far gone, who makes his heart her home;
  For O! my fair is tender as the dove—
  Her voice is music, and her look is love.

EVENING.

ON SELINDA.

Ere twilight's pensive shadows close,
  To veil the blossoms of the glade;
And Venus, all-effulgent, shows
  The dews that flush the dying blade:

When the last sunbeams tinge the trees,
  And red their radiance gilds the sky,
As mild and sweet the southern breeze
  Bids every rifled odour fly:

Forlorn I woo the willowy stream
  That swells with Pity's holy tear;
As memory wakes the ling'ring dream,
  And turns the glance to Beauty's bier.

Recalls to visionary bloom
  The form so honour'd and so mourn'd;
And beckons from the flinty tomb
  The lovely reliques late inurn'd.

Homeward the panting peasant hies,
  And blithesome hails his peeping cot;
The crackling faggot brighter flies,
  The weary throb of toil forgot.

For him Ambition vaunts no power,
  Unclouded stream the floods of day,
Unruffled glides the twilight hour,
  Beguil'd by labour's wildest lay.

Serenely down the tide of time,
His little skiff, content he steers,
To anchor in a happier clime;
Beyond the rolling weight of years.

Behold yon milk-maid's happy air,
How light and gay she trips along;
And woo'd by health, despises care,
And laughing tunes the sprightly song!

The frothy pail her suitor bears,
A smile rewards his passion true;
No venal lover scorns her tears,
To love she gives love's only due.

For me, too, Hope once cull'd her store,
And fledged her eagle pennons strong;
But Fancy's sportive hand no more
Must cull a wreath to deck my song.

Cold is the cheek so lately warm'd
By Beauty's imitative care;
And pale the smile whose lustres charm'd,
And spoke thee, "Fairest of the Fair."

And shall the blue expressive eye
That beam'd the brilliant of the mind;
Thy taste, and wit, and beauty die,
Nor leave one lasting trace behind?

O! still o'er each recorded grace,
Persuasive smile, and glist'ning bloom;
O'er all thy charms of form and face
Shall Memory hang and weep thy doom.

And still as yonder western star
With lucid radiance lights thy mound;
Borne from Æolian lutes afar,
Shall strains unearthly warble 'round.

Oft o'er thee at the wane of day,
  The sister Graces mild shall mourn, (26)
And strew with thymy sweets thy clay,
  And bind with weeping flowers thine urn.

ODES.

BOOK II.

ODE

TO WAR.

WRITTEN ON FORCING THE PASSAGE OF THE DOURO.

O! LUSTFUL War,
Who, with a giant's rage,
Mows down the branching pride of age,
And laughs to scour the smoking plain
Unchecquer'd by a blade of grain:—
Lo! where the hardy peasant bleeds afar!

Though first, 'twas thine, with vauntings high
To lure him from his home away,
And urge to meet the gory fray;
Bleach'd by the winds, his bones decay
Where, pierc'd by serried files, thou bad'st him die!

Tell not of Glory's 'vantage proud,
How chiefs, and kings, and empires bow'd!
One flower that binds the civic crown,
By gen'rous Virtue worn,
More fair shall charm through ages down,
Than all by conquest borne;
The wreath on Science lovely blows,
And lovely buds the fadeless rose
That decks the Bard in playful wile;
Or bids sweet Painting's tints beguile,
Or, 'mid the Sister Arts, extatic Music smile!

Worn by the burning toils of day, (27)
We slept our cares away
In Vouga's forest gay:
When, hark! "To arms, to arms," around,

In wild alarum shakes the ground,—
  O! 'tis the battle's sound!
Quench'd quickly is the watchfire's light;
We march through darkest night,
  In solemn silence all!
Save when a stolen murmur speaks,
Or wind among the cork trees breaks.

Then coursing by the blazing vale, (28)
  In all the pageant pomp of fight,
How fled distracted Beauty, pale,
  Across the umber'd heath of night!
  While Pity, on some moisten'd cheek,
  Could only sigh, but dared not speak:—
  Above the dying and the dead
  Stern Ruin shot his bolts of red;
  And shrieks of pain
  For aid, in vain,
Rose from each mangled victim's bed!

There flew the mother ranging wild,
And gasping, strain'd her child;

While parching fear
Had drunk up every tear,
And every sense beguiled!
And there, her raven locks she strows
Before her foes:
Now for her infant young implores—
In vain—the sabre gores:—
Her gushing life-tide mingles still with theirs;
She dies! while mercy lingers on her prayers.

E'en breathe o'er thee the happiest grace
Thy fierce and rugged front can boast;
When Victory led, with eagle pace, (29)
O'er prostrate ranks our banner'd host,
And Love's sweet flower, by Beauty flung,
Above our laurell'd plumage hung;
Still but for Honour's holy cause,
Her shrine, her freedom, and her laws,
Had sick'ning glory shrunk to own
The parting shriek, the smother'd groan,
And paid in solitude her sighs, sequester'd and alone.

Proud was that day, in triumph high, (30)
The day my country's valour won;
When first we saw with sadden'd eye
The Douro's captive waters run;
The cloud-capt domes, and pensile towers
Emboss'd with vine and orange flowers,
All gilded by the setting sun;
While down the blue and dimpling tide
Nor Latine sail was seen to glide,
Nor oar the feath'ry surge divide:—
So will'd a conqueror's pride.

In vain the signal cannon's roar (31)
At midnight shook the shore;
In vain the blazing ruins fly
Portentous through the sky—
Or gondolas they moor:
Deep dives th' intrepid Gondolier, (32)
The cable cuts, and void of fear
Now, now th' opposing shore he gains—

And soon, by shouting myriads blest,
Floats proudly o'er the Douro's breast
The red-cross banner, high imprest,
And victory remains.

Yet boast not these can once compare
With Virtue born the world to bless;
With science rich, and genius rare,
And wisdom but, than angels, less!
The laurels on thy brow that weep,
The tears of mourning millions steep,
Their shrieks thy pæan ring;
Couch'd in thy redly-rolling eye,
Murder and bloated rapine lie
Impatient for the wing.

Oh! is the mower down yon vale,
The milk-maid chaunting o'er her pail,
The shepherd, by the bubbling brook,
That twists the vine leaf for his crook,

Or the brown woodman that returns
While cheerily the faggot burns,
And to the tale of rustic glee
  Awakes the prattling family,
Too humble for ambition's view?
Must hands unbathed in bloody dew
  Ne'er win the palm of victory?

If War's insatiate brow to grace,
  The laurels only blow;
For thee, alone, if Glory trace
  The round of Fame below;
  Thine be the poor and fretful power,
  And triumph of a blood-stain'd hour,
    And chaplet of renown;
  While calmer, sweeter hours impart
  A blest retirement to my heart,
    And Peace my temples crown!

ODE.

THE CHALLENGE.

" DESCEND," I cried, " thou queen of love !
  Descend in all thy charms;
And here thy boasted empire prove,
  And here thy soft alarms.

" Nor pouting lip, nor sunny bloom
  On cheeks that gaily smile;
Nor eyes that wing a tender doom,
  My tranquil heart beguile.

"Not all thy wiles my peace shall steal,
Or bid my coldness fly;
For me, a glowing pain reveal,
Or wake th' impassion'd sigh."

Boastful I said, nor fear'd to bleed,
My soul no tumult knew;
When on her car the sparrows lead
The Paphian queen to view.

Onward she moves with playful mien,
All nature owns her power;
For her unfolds the budding green,
And springs the bursting flower.

Her tissued braid the Graces gay
Unclasp in winning ease;
And bid her golden ringlets play
Redundant on the breeze.

The snow-white lilies of her breast
  Ambrosial roses twine;
Her locks, with flow'ry myrtle drest,
  Half shade the neck divine.

Pillow'd upon her bosom's snow,
  The Cyprian archer lay;
And handled oft his amber bow,
  Impatient of delay.

Close to her lips of coral hue
  She prest his dimpling cheek;
"My darling boy! thy victim view,—
  A shaft, the surest, seek."

The daring urchin slyly bends,
  The twanging bow-string sings;
Deep to my heart his arrow sends
  Its keenest, sharpest stings.

Beneath her polish'd arm he hides,
  Her arm so finely round;
And, tittering, thus my pain derides,
  "Sure love, alas! can't wound!"

New tremors shoot through all my frame,
  While sportive Venus cries,
"Presumptuous! hence adore the flame
  That lives in beauty's eyes,

"At lovely woman's radiant shrine,
  A convert fondly kneel;
And boast—(subdued that pride of thine)—
  The flinty heart may feel."

ODE.

WINE.

ANACREONTIC.

I ASK not cups of laughing wine,
Around whose brim the roses twine;
I seek not in the sparkling bowl
To drown the noble sense of soul;
Enough of life, enough of glee,
Without its aid is given to me.

Her brow if Folly love to steep
On Ocean's lap, the winds asleep;
Then court the tempests of the sky
To peal a soothing lullaby,—
O let her drain the ruby flow,
And hail thee—Nurse of Woe.

How soon the lures of Fancy cease,
That smiled away the soul to peace!
When wine would faded joys restore,
Conjure new, and welcome more;
Swift as the gaudy phantoms fly
The canker lives, the roses die.

Say, can it lull the bosom's storm
Like pity shrined in woman's form?
Can brimming goblets e'er beguile
Like woman's eye and angel smile;
Or, from the heart, with equal care,
Seduce the thorn that rankles there?

Be mine the choice, ungorged with wine
And all that topers deem divine,
In Reason's empire still to dwell,
And Beauty's soft dominion tell;
A chaplet then my head shall twine
Brighter than clusters of the vine!

ODE

TO DESPAIR.

DESPOT! whose scorpions rend the mind,
  Thy smile affrights, thy frown appals;
By frenzy forged, thy fetters bind
  Where deep the barb of anguish falls!
  Scathed is each nerve, and sear'd the heart
  To Pity's beam, to Mercy's dart;
  The toneless ear no strains delight
  That music chants to angels bright;
  No gelid airs, no vital showers
    E'er cool thine arid bed;
  But bleak the bearded tempest lours,
    And rude the wild waves lash thy head;

There, perch'd upon the riven rock,
  While loud and shrill the frighted curlews scream,
Well-pleased thou feel'st the sullen billows shock,
  That, ever and anon, bursts on thy startled dream.

Nurs'd in a cavern's rayless gloom,
  Far from the bracing breeze of morn;
Brown Health ne'er ting'd thy sickly bloom,
  Thy giant brows were shagg'd with thorn;
  Born in a thicket's howling shade
  Of Melancholy, moping maid!
  When Anger, borne in murkiest mood,
  Surpris'd her in the tangled wood;
  Grasp'd in whose bold, enfuriate arms,
    The nymph a mother's name confest;
  Yet saw in thee no early charms,
    Thy lips no fondling kiss carest;
But scowling o'er the desert scene,
  Roam'd with the wolf the muttering fiend, Despair;
Gaunt was his bony frame, austere his mien,
  Now mute in grief, now blasphemous with care.

At stern Ambition's call he flies,
  Shame and Revenge his chariot steer;
Fierce as his raven-coursers rise,
  Disease and Death the ensigns bear.
  A tyger's skin that closely clung
  Round his lean neck, in tatters hung;
  Crusted with gore, a poniard blade
  Half-viewless forms of death betray'd;
  But eke his eye with joy malign,
    Laugh'd as it mark'd the poison'd bowl;
  Self-murder's stab he call'd divine,
    And urged to free the lingering soul:
He bade no frantic mourner wait,
  Lest dawning hope might o'er the heart rejoice,
But told, uncall'd, to brave eternal fate,
  And spurn the mandate of the Eternal's voice.

That victim!—lo! he starts away;
  Sunk are his eyes, his bosom bare;
Reckless he braves the biting day,
  Or courts the burning air;

Now by some wint'ry torrent thrown,
He mingles his with Winter's moan;
Or sullen, now the wanderer leans
Uncharm'd by Summer's laughing scenes:
But hark! he hears the merry sound,
He spies the goat-maid's happy glance,
As trim her nut-brown locks are bound
To wanton in the village dance;
Far, far he flies! no visions fair,
Nor Orphëan lute the woe-worn heart beguile;
He feels the blood-shot glances of Despair,
And furies chase him with convulsive smile. (33)

Euterpe's godlike offspring flies
The mortal cup of blood to drain;
He dies! the bold Athenian dies!
Who vanquish'd on the Cenchrian main. (34)
Anew the shrieking fiends declare
Th' immortal triumph of Despair;
When quiet to a world could spring
From fate within the Punic ring. (35)

A thirsty poniard strikes yon blow,
The mighty eastern monarch bleeds!
He falls! he falls! and proudly low,
A murder'd mother's corse succeeds. (36)
While lo! the Colchian sorceress, wild
Her fiery flashes, and her snaky hair;
To curst revenge devotes each smiling child,
And steels her soul to pleading Nature's pray'r. (37)

When proud Achæa mourns the day
The palm on Roman brows to bind;
Why sinks beneath thy gorgon sway
The brave Tegeän's dauntless mind? (38)
In the mad whirlwind of the soul
Thou crown'st with flowers the potion'd bowl;
Then, ruthless power! with fraudful mien
Thy venom'd whispers intervene;
"O! mourner, come to peaceful sleep,
The long, long rest from pain and woe;
Poor mourner, why thus live to weep,
When peace eternal smiles below?"

False is the song, assum'd the jeering smile,
  The good, the just to hurry to the tomb;
But cherub hosts their pilgrimage beguile,
  And pour immortal splendours through the gloom.

O! haste, divine Religion! haste,
  And bid the sullen tyrant fly;
Let the forlorn enthusiast taste
  The fount of hope that springs on high:
  Nor here, terrific power! repair,
  When bleak December shrouds the air;
  Nor force the victor hand to shed
  The blood that Glory's laurels fed;
  Nor here thy horrent locks diffuse,—
    O! edgeless be thy reeking blade,
  Unquaff'd the cup of deadly dews,
    And foil'd the fiends that lend thee aid;
Still may the soul though stung by woe,
  To Resignation's holy calm be given;
The hope imbibe, the consolation know,
  That sufferings here can smooth the path to heav'n.

ODE.

TIME.

ANACREONTIC.

EVER blithe my Rosa be,
What has Time to do with thee?
Ever beauteous, ever kind,
Thou undying youth shall find;
Time may meaner bosoms move,
To us he whispers, live and love!

Why that sigh, sweet? fears are vain!
Time would weep to give thee pain;
For thee his cheeks shall rosy glow,
For thee be brown his locks of snow,
And blushing smiles his lips shall prove
While tempting thee, to live and love!

Let the truant moments fly,
Give them wing without a sigh;
And think not Beauty's heart can be
Emblem of the willow tree;
For there abides the turtle-dove,
That ever murmurs,—live and love!

ODE.

HEBE.

No, fly me! fly me! far as space
The circling bounds of earth can trace;
Far as the ocean's loneliest sea
Its billows roll 'twixt thee and me!

Yet think thee oft, injurious maid!
When on thy lingering bosom laid,
Thy lips have sigh'd and sweetly sworn,
Without the elm the vine must mourn.

I'll shun that face so passing fair,
For sweet delusion revels there;
O! I have thought thee more than all
That woman was since woman's fall.

Inconstant, go! thy veering mind,
The emblem of the passing wind,
Makes all thy siren promise seem
As idle as an infant's dream.

Ah! fly me, fly me, where no more
My soul pursues thee as before;
And yet sometimes where chance may give
The image it has taught to live!

ODE.

MIDNIGHT.

MUTE Midnight palls the solemn hour,
And pearls with dew the sleeping flower,
And o'er the starry blue serene
Ascends the planetary queen;
The ruffling zephyrs fan the deep,
Or on its tranquil bosom sleep,
And lightly furl their fleecy wings
As rock'd the sportive sea-boy sings;
No murmur but the plaints of love
In strain melodious wake the grove,
And breathe the soul-dissolving tone,
That speaks a pathos all its own.

By the blue taper's sickly light
See Genius court the studious night,
The dead of ages past restore,
When Wisdom teem'd her richest lore,
And Science saw each hoary sage
Spread wide the philosophic page :—
While worlds around are sunk in rest,
From Time to win the palm in bloom immortal drest.

The shepherd stretch'd on rushes green,
Now ranges o'er the sylvan mead ; (39)
In dreams reclimbs the mountain scene,
Or tunes the oaten reed ;
While gaily through the live-long night's repose,
O'er primrose hills he tends the browzing flock ;
Or, shaded 'neath the wild cliff's topmost rock,
Twines for his crook each wild-wood flower that blows.

Not now the Theban's thundering lyre
Can charm me like Anacreon's fire ;
Like Maro's sweetly melting lay,
Or Sappho's more impassion'd sway ;

Not Skiddaw's eagle-crested brow,
Nor proud Helvellyn's wreath of snow,
Now please like Nature's milder face,
Llangollen's fairy vale, and flowery Arno's grace.

O! lay me by the haunted stream
Where winding Avon glides along;
Or 'rapt in all the maddening theme,
Enchant me with Menander's song!
Or let me there transported move
Where fond Armida lives on love; (40)
Of all Morgana's feats be told, (41)
And seize the fated lock of gold;
And hear Angelica complain (42)
Of him, the Pagan youth, who wrought her amorous pain:
——Or, with Imagination fly,
To hail a purer, brighter sky,
Near the wild torrent's fall sublime,
To steal a golden hour from time,
And catch, reclined beneath the grotto's shade,
Strains musically sweet, by graceful Petrarch play'd.

E'en at this hour so lone and dread,
  The wandering spectres rise;
And ghastly stalk the sheeted dead
  Before the haggard eyes;
While o'er the trav'ller's length'ning way
Unnumber'd phantoms seem to play;
The shadows of the waving trees,
The plaintive murmurs of the breeze,
The gurgling of the pebbly rill
That trickles down the winding hill,
By turns alarm;—in distance seem
Disposed by Terror's wildest dream.—
Father of all! whose searching eyes
Explore the ocean, earth, and skies;
Without whose will no yawning grave
The buried form of beauty gave;
No parents wake, no friends return
From that irremeable bourne!
Let not my erring sense controul
The guide of the eternal soul;
My humble hand, for aye, presume
To close the barriers of the tomb;

Enough for me, thy glorious might
Rules all the radiant forms of light;
Enough for me, that thou art God,
And worlds and angels wait thy nod.

While downy slumbers peace dispense
  To labour's toil, ambition's pride;
And fairy visions sooth the sense
  In Fancy's mazy circlet tied;
While guardian spirits hov'ring steep
The virtuous brow in balmy sleep;
And serenading every grove
Lone Philomela mourns her love;
While sportive, on the boundless deep
The moonbeams pale their revels keep,
And glancing o'er the snowy sails,
Their dance the sleepless sentry hails,
As 'cross the azure's bright expanse,
He homeward turns the anxious glance:—
On Fancy's car my course I trace
Through all the flaming bounds of space;

O'er worlds on worlds exulting rise,
And buoyant mount from skies to skies,
And, led by Faith, approach that light
Without whose aid is endless night;
Before the throne with millions 'round,
My sense in floods of glory drown'd,
Prone in His awful presence fall,
And catch the voice whose fiat form'd the ball.

Ere first from Night's eternal womb,
Where Nature found a living tomb,
Th' Omnific call, in thunders deep,
Had burst the elemental sleep;
Dark as the starless, wint'ry storm,
Confusion spread his giant form;
At once, the quick'ning spirit bade—
Upon the moving waters play'd,
The springing atoms at the word cohere,
And stretch the spreading vast, or round the rolling sphere!

How dark the pines their umbrage shed
  Deep rustling to the gale;
As glides the nun with falt'ring tread,
  Along the cloisters pale;
And hollow rings each vaulted aisle
As superstition's orgies smile.
For her ambition's iron power
Could rifle youth's luxuriant hour,
While on her cheek contending glows
The rivalry of every rose!
Ah! what avails the formal prayer
To chase the frowns of gaunt despair?
The tender knees in anguish thrown,
But doom'd to print the rugged stone?
Each sister-groan that vibrates slow
The ever-during sense of woe?
In vain the faded roses wear
The furrows deep of many a tear;
Nor Pity's whispers steal the mind,
The voice of death's on every wind!
In vain the solemn vespers rise,
And bursts of music charm the skies;

In vain the virgin-anthems 'round,
To pealing organs swell the sound;
For thee, on earth, no hope in mercy bright
Unbars the dungeon of eternal night!

ODE

TO WINTER.

LAUNCH'D from thy giant-arm on high,
Madly the warring whirlwinds roar;
And bounding from the angry shore
Ocean's wild billows scourge the sky;
As bending from a pitchy cloud,
The spirits of the tempest shroud
The coral reefs on whose drear verge they stand;
While thunders roll, and lightnings play,
To mock the shipwreck'd sailor's way;
And urge the vulture's moan,
And drink the dying groan,
Or point, seducing, to the shelvy strand,
Dash'd on whose iron crags he dies—far, far from land.

No wild-rose opening tints the field
For Flora's blushing vest;
No lilies snow her breast;
No jocund scythe the mowers wield:
Brushing the daisy-sprinkled lawn,
No longer bounds the sportive fawn;
All-widow'd weeps the hawthorn bower,
Where, at the close of summer-day,
From pastime of the new-mown hay,
The nut-brown maid would court the breeze
That sighing died among the trees;
While the fond youth in soft enchantment laid,
Sued the coy heart to win, for which his own had paid.

The full-riped fruitage swells no more!
Its golden hues that fondly flush'd the green,
No more are seen
Fair promise of a luscious store:—
No rural lute, in simple lay,
Charms the enamell'd copse at close of day,
While o'er the painted woodland Echo sweeps her strings;

No tawny sheaves in bearded pride,
Yellow the green hill's waving side;
No blossom'd beanfields gaily bloom,
And all around exhale perfume;
From the mute grove no ruffled warbler springs,
And o'er the nest, new-fledg'd, his parent-triumph sings.

Wedded to storms, o'er the Empyrëan high,
His lank, thin locks, toss'd by the Austral breeze,
(Save where in pendent icicles they freeze)
Lo! meagre Winter leads th' embattled sky;
Swift sweep along th' ungenial train,
The feathery snow, the pattering rain,
And hoary frost, and pelting hail combined;
No fost'ring sun with vital beam,
Emits a cheering gleam,
The fluid waves that wander'd wide,
Now sleep—in icy fetters tied;
While their chill'd Naiads all forlorn reclined,
Droop o'er their empty urns, and sigh upon the wind.

Sullen and sad all nature shrinks with dread ;
From his pale, palsying arm each scion bends,
As to the grave the waning flower descends
That erst the steps of laughing beauty led ;
And all that fringed the glossy turf at eve,
Where many a blushing hue would weave
The thousand dyes that paint young Fancy's train ;
The tulip, gaudiest of the vale,
That stole a blush from every gale ;
The musk-rose scenting every wind,
That left Creation's sweets behind ;
Droop at his frown, and wither on the plain—
Nor dews, nor summer-suns to nurse their bloom remain.

Yet though his sickle strike around,
And wan each vernal beauty die;
To happier scenes the soul can fly,
And live with changeless summer crown'd ;—
No more to Desolation's arms
A smiling world consigns its charms ;
Up-spring new hours to chase th' intrusive gloom !—

The emerald hills, the bursting flowers,
The sunny woods and blossom'd bowers,
Through the drear shade prospective rise,
As Faith's creative glance espies
The fadeless seasons and undying bloom,
Rich in the spoils of time, and conquest of the tomb.

Thus deck'd in smiles, the fairy theme
Can gild our clouded world below;
And while life's veering tempests blow,
Can cheat us like a maniac's dream;
Woke at her call, the thoughts pursue
Forms ever-fair and new,
And far from scenes of brooding sorrow fly;
Then hoary Winter's shivering train,
His frowns and storms are vain;
On tiptoe starts ideal Spring
To trip the gay, fantastic ring,
Whose magic landscape steals th' attemper'd eye,
And hears seraphic visions tune their harmony.

Rage then, stern Tyrant, o'er the prostrate earth,
And pile, with heaving arm, the waves profound;
O'er the bent sky thy vollied thunders sound,
And warn pale Nature of thy rugged birth:
O! ye wild-winds, and O! ye ocean waves,
And O! ye spirits of the storm that raves,
Who 'cross th' abyss on forky lightnings dart;
Hope smooths with every rifled bloom
The path that leads to Nature's tomb;
And o'er December's wrinkles play
The dimples of unfolding May;
Eternal joy her cheering smiles impart,
And give to virtue here the sunshine of the heart.

ODE

TO THOSE FALLEN IN BATTLE.

A NIGHT SCENE.

SLEEP on, ye brave! a night of clouds
The gory heath of battle shrouds;
Sleep on, ye brave! no trumpets breath
Again awakes to deeds of death;
Sweet is the dream, and calm the rest,
That softly sooth the soldier's breast.

The starry vault, in distance, shows
Where rush'd the mingling tide of foes;
Afar, the watchfires dimly beam
On Orla's wild and rapid stream; (43)
And umber'd tents reflected glow
Above the spreading wastes of snow.

Ye mighty, fall'n in boasted prime,
Who nobly snatch'd an age from time,
And prest, in Glory's proud career,
The Patriot's and the Warrior's bier;
High-waved your steel, like beams of light,
That burst the serried van of fight.

No bugle wild, in thunders deep,
Shall chase your long and lonely sleep;
Though the blue lightnings quiver round,
And red artillery rocks the ground;
Serene from tumult's din ye rest,
By Pity mourn'd, and Valour blest.

Sleep on, ye brave! the hero's head
Lies light and calm on Glory's bed;
Sleep on, ye brave! for not in vain
The gen'rous soldier dyes the plain;
There holy tears unseen are paid,
And heroes greet the hero's shade.

ODE.

(THE NILIAD.)

O YE on Inspiration's hills,
  Thessalian-born, of song divine,
Where gush the thousand haunted rills,
  The laurell'd groves among that shine;
  To me your holy warblings breathe,
  While Glory twines the living wreath;
  And as I glow with wild desire,
  Oh! touch my quiv'ring lips with fire;
My native harp once more to sound,
  Discoursing sweet of Albion's might;
And tell Emana's valleys round,
  The ruler of the waves of fight!

Triumphant o'er the warlike Hun
  Was Gaul, by blooming victory crown'd,
Where blest Ausonia's ripening sun
  With golden harvest loads the ground.
  At Lodi, strewn in dread array, (44)
  What groaning squadrons choak'd the way;
  As Death his scythe for standard bore,
  Plunging through mingled seas of gore;
Nor long Arcola's bristly pride
  Can curb the fiery victor's course;
Where bathed in blood what legions died,
  Like to contending storms their force!

In vain, with eye imploring turns
  To other years, the Latian band;
The patriot flame but dimly burns,
  Unnerved Rome's adamantine hand;
  The hand that erst, in days of yore,
  Her empire 'throned from shore to shore;
  Planted the eagle's dauntless form
  Through thunders of the battle-storm—

And first in arts, in virtuous fame,
  In Wisdom's and in Valour's sway,
Earth's loneliest regions told her name,
  And farthest realms obey.

The plenteous fields of waving gold
  Now ripen for the stranger's pride;
The vines their clusters ripe unfold,
  To swell the strength of conquest's tide!
  For these the Fabii press'd the plain;
  For these did Cato's heart disdain
  A tyrant's fawning smile to feel,
  But died upon the reeking steel?
And shall their country bow the head,
  And shrink from Honour's path the while;
Unmindful of th' indignant dead,
  Whose dust no galling taunts revile?

Inglorious sons of valiant sires,
  Who servile bend the suppliant knee;
Unwarm'd by those heroic fires,
  The spirits of the brave decree!

O! could arise the patient band
That vanquish'd Libya's poison'd sand;
What scorn their fiery cheeks would burn,
To see you, ignominious, turn
From fields for which they fought and bled;
And when o'erwhelm'd by civil strife,
Preferr'd a foreign soil to tread,
And hoard the happy all of life.

Think ye, when Susa's countless host
The Hellespontine surges own'd;
And myriads swarm'd the Malian coast,
Beneath their bounding steeds that groan'd;
When each impatient heart was mute,
As warbled slow the Spartan flute;
And each devoted bosom dyed
The waters of Sperchius' tide:—
Then, did Laconia's bosom feel
No wish to front the tyrant's glance;
Her eye of valour crouching steal
From terrors of the Persian lance?

Again Gaul's echoing clarions sound,
  For other shores her warriors call;
Again the palm has victory bound,
  And recreant knights before her fall!
  Malta bows low her nodding plume,
  Her freedom finds a treacherous tomb;
  Again, before the jocund gale,
  In gallant trim the navies sail;
And now up-springs the storied land
  From the blue bosom of the flood;
And soon on Nile's immortal strand
  The Loire's exulting legions stood.

'Twas eve—the sun's autumnal ray
  In blazing glory fringed the sky,
When Nelson plough'd Aboukir bay,
  And saw De Bruey's banners fly.
  The gallant Gauls well-rang'd for fight,
  Salute th' intrepid Britons sight;
  At once "To close!" demands each breast,
  At once impatience beams confest,—

"Quick, quick, lead on,—our foes are nigh—
Britannia rules the wave;
For victory content we die,—
Our country points our grave."

Close by the warrior-crowded shore,
Life's gushing currents stain'd the flood;
While to the rattling cannon's roar,
The smoking deluge spreads of blood:—
Aloft the splinter'd masts are thrown—
Heard ye that hero's stifled groan?— (45)
Through battle's range, in every form,
Nelson sustains the iron storm!
His fateful course awhile to check,
Louder and louder thunders ring;
The chainshot sweep the shatter'd deck,
And wide and wild the carnage fling.

What smoke, what glaring flames ascend;
What second Ætna bursts to sight?
The climbing fires the riggings rend,
In the fierce shock of mingled fight.

See! on the arm-chest nobly low,
Her chief, the blazing canvass show;
The streams of life still ebb in vain,
The warrior's soul despises pain!
Still unsubdued, 'mid terrors 'round,
His painful stand De Bruey's keeps:—
Death meets with death, and wound with wound—
Now Westcott's form in glory sleeps.

Pale gazed the monster-gods around,
E'en hoary Nilus shook with dread,
As whelm'd beneath the waves profound,
The boasted L'Orient hides her head;
While o'er the blazing midnight skies
Red hot the huge artillery flies;
And piercing shrieks through air reply,
And mangled warriors sinking die!
But to the dawn of morn unfold
Triumphant o'er the billowy main,
The British ensign towering bold,
Above the haughty, hostile train.

To hail the conqueror appears
  The monarch of the azure deep,
Th' exulting god his trident rears;
  Along the sportive dolphins sweep!
  The surging billows smooth their head,
  And scarcely curl their rustling bed;
  With dripping locks the mermaids swim,
  And round the coral chariot skim:
The Naiads and the Tritons bring
  Each fern-crown'd nymph of lake and stream;
With conchs the swelling pæan ring,
  And Albion's fame their glory deem.

This day, through each revolving year,
  When Nile entwined the Warrior's head,
Each Briton's glowing heart shall cheer;
  To Him libations due be shed.
  While votive, o'er the honour'd bier,
  Shall heave the sigh, and drop the tear
  For those in Albion's contest slain,
  And rouse the bard, nor rouse in vain.

While in her crowded page to shine
  With trophies proud of lasting fame,
From age to age shall Truth divine
  Bid Glory point to Nelson's name.

ODE.

ON THE DEATH OF A BELOVED PARENT.

THROUGH low-hung clouds, the sickly sun
His bleak and languid course has run;
And not a wandering star is seen
To glisten o'er a blue serene;
But Winter's hoar and wrinkled hand
Despoils of verdure all the land.

Such, too, is life;—the natal hour
Scarce wakes from laughing germs the flow'r;
And scarce that flow'r, in bland repose,
Fraught with unfolding beauty blows,—
Ere droops, and shrinks, and fades its bloom,
The cradle opening for the tomb.

Oh thou, on whose maternal breast
My soul would fondly love to rest;
As rock'd in thy protecting arms,
I slumber'd safe from infant harms;—
Whose pious care and guardian love
Taught me to soar for worlds above;

Thy voice I hear, thy smile I see
Through all the tomb's obscurity;
Reflected thence thy virtues burn
As up the tide of time we turn,
With worth as bright, and truth as clear
As mortal man can image here.

For yet 'twas mine, with filial woe,
When pain and anguish bow'd thee low,
To charm, ah me! thy parting breath,
And strew the wilderness of death,
And hang upon thy last embrace,
And catch the kindling triumph of thy face.

ODE

TO JULIANA.

O, IF the living tints were mine
  That Guido's heavenly pencil knew,
When warm from every touch divine,
  To life and love the colours grew;
Then had the bard thine image chose
  In tropic suns, or polar snows!

And O! if mine the Theban's fire,
  To love alone the harp should tune;
Or stealing Sappho's silver lyre
  To serenade the listening moon;
  Sweet as the honey's racy dew,
  Be all the magic song for you.

Nor old shall ever be the morn,
When first I met thy conquering eye;
And soft surprise that moment born,
Was usher'd in by many a sigh;
And as I gazed upon thy face,
Adored the playful smile, the arch expressive grace.

I deem'd thine eyes that won me so,
Some twins that ruled the starry sphere,
To charm a gazing world below,
And gem the zodiac of the year;
Lost, as I gazed, in wonder and delight,
They open'd on the soul in trembling streams of light.

And to thy pouting lips that stole
Two tulips Flora flush'd with bloom,
I found had flown my truant soul,
And linger'd on the soft perfume;
Ah! there I smiled to find it stay,
And o'er their sweets nectareous play.

I saw the glossy ringlets twine
  A neck, as foam of ocean white;
And o'er thy bosom's swell divine,
  Redundant float in waves of light;
  While all thy mind a charm convey'd
  To match thy person, lovely maid!

Then if my soul perfection feel,
  And every throb but beats of love;
O! let to thee the wanderer steal,
  As softly as the cushat dove,
  And ask thy gentle heart to be
  The world and happiness to me.

SONNETS AND SONGS.

BOOK III.

SONNET.

THE MOUNTAIN ROSE.

On yonder upland, when the glistening morn
First tints with gold the heav'ns soft lines of blue;
Her bed of heathbells hung with virgin dew,
Nature's sweet child, the Mountain Rose, is born
Unseen, unwoo'd but by the summer gale;
Save when the goat-boy climbs the nodding steep,
And stops to gaze, and lays him down to sleep
Where all his sense her sweetness may inhale.

Nursed in seclusion, o'er some wandering stream
  Half-coy, she blushing bends to view her form
  Wave o'er the spangled marge; nor thinks the storm
Must soon her cheek of beauty's transient beam
  Unpitying rob :—thus, in life's joyful day,
  The school-boy whistles o'er his kindred clay.

SONNET.

THE VISION.

METHOUGHT, upon some bleak and desert shore
  Where not a moonbeam on the night would smile,
  All sad I lay; loud was the waters roar
And hid each star; the raving winds, the while,
Lent to the surges dash their howling sound;
  There, 'rapt in thought, I communed with the dead,
  And all unheard the tempest swept around,
  And phantoms crowded from their dreary bed;
Till slow, from parting skies, a seraph's form
Rode on the lightning's wing, and thus benign—
  "Time soon shall end, and all life's fretful storm
  Prove but the prelude to a calm divine."
Spirit of her I loved, for thee I stay,
To guide my wounded soul to endless day!

SONNET.

THE MOURNER.

O LOVELY mourner! fair as Beauty's queen,
  And mild as breezes of Livorno's sky;
  To me how dear thy smile, how soft thy sigh,
Thy mouth of roses and thy plaintive mien!
The sportive Graces rock'd thee in their bowers,
  And saw the Loves thy nut-brown ringlets deck;
  Clothe in the cygnet's silv'ry down thy neck,
And paint thy cheeks with their ambrosial flowers:
Yet fades the smile before the touching tears
  That give those eyes a privilege to mourn;
  As, mildly bending o'er the list'ning urn,
Thou seem'st to hope that Herbert's spirit hears;
Ah, when this care-worn form at length shall rest,
May tears like thine thus trickle on my breast!

SONNET.

THE LYRE.

YET, yet again, that silver-sounding lyre,
  And bend the hero's melting soul to love;
  Now gently thrill, and now impetuous move
With Sappho's softness or Anacreon's fire!
Lute of the heart! first breathed in Tempe's vale
  'Mid whisp'ring groves and music-haunted streams;
  That woke the Latian muse from death-like dreams,
And bade a world Valclusa's hermit hail:
Thy tuneful solace can the bosom lead
  To joy more gen'rous than the clarion's sound;
  That echoing wildly "to the listed ground,"
But bares the warrior's manly breast to bleed:
Here, o'er his scar the rose and myrtle twined,
Sooth with the balm of love and peace the mind.

SONG.

"Lady see!" &c. (A duet).

PILGRIM.

LADY see! the rosy billow
Tints of rising day adorn;

LADY.

Weary wand'rer, press thy pillow;
Rest, thou lone one, rest till morn!

No beams I see the surge adorning,
But from golden stars that play;
Pilgrim, no! 'tis not the morning,
That with blushes chides thy stay.

PILGRIM.

And dost thou see, and canst thou feel
No heart, once loved, here throb to thine?
So soon, can Time the spoiler steal
The faded lines that once were mine?

LADY.

Then come, with thee the wilds I'll roam
In summer suns, or winter snows;
This bosom be the wand'rer's home,
These arms his pillow of repose!

BOTH.

The whistling winds, the beating rains
Around our heads shall harmless play;
While in the heart the sunshine reigns
That gilds with hope our better day.

A SPANISH SONG.

GONDIBERT TO ZULIMA.

BENEATH the west tower is thy love,
All asleep is the warder's loud horn;
O! take the white wings of the dove,
And be borne on the breezes of morn,—
Zulima!

And though that not scant be my store,
Should thy heart in such riches delight;
Still in love will I reckon thee more
Than the centinel stars of the night,—
Zulima!

O! come then, my Zulima, come!
  Lightly rides the canoe on the tide,
And soon to thy Gondibert's home
  Down the dark-rolling Ebro we'll glide,—
    Zulima!

At dawn the deep bugle may wind,
  But at dawn far away we shall be;
And danger and doubt left behind,
  My Zulima wedded to me,—
    Zulima!

SONG.

"From the garland," &c.

FROM the garland that braided my Rosalind's hair
A rose-bud I stole, nor she knew;
And its breath was as sweet, and its bloom was as fair
As the fairest of roses that blew.

Near my heart, unsuspicious, I bade it to bloom,
And cherish'd it there as in scorn;
Nor thought me, insensate! how sure was the doom,
Till I bled from the soft-blushing thorn.

O take back thy rose, for no longer in vain
That wound can my bosom endure;
Or here let it flourish, a stranger to pain,
And its thorn, sweet enchantress! allure.

For sure if thy smile never more I must feel,
Nor thy lips will the balsam bestow;
The poor wounded heart to that shelter would steal,
And expire on that bosom of snow!

SONG.

"When glory calls thee," &c.

When glory calls thee from me, love,
To brave a hostile shore;
Then wilt thou think upon me, love,
And Ellen still adore?
When wild the storms of battle, love,
In thunders round thee spread,
O think whose heart is aching, love,
Whose eyes their sorrows shed!

If victory adorn thee, love,
  And beauty's smiles await;
Say, wilt thou then remember, love,
  Thy Ellen's lowly state?
If ruin stern pursue thee, love,
  With her, a refuge find;
Where fondest arms shall press thee, love,
  And hearts be ever kind!

And O! if fate should doom thee, love,
  To dye the battle's plain;
And Ellen's soul no longer, love,
  Must meet with thine again;
Yet Ellen still remember, love,
  For still she thinks on thee;
And hov'ring near, in mercy, love,
  Her guardian spirit be.

SONG.

THE MAID OF THE MINHO.

O! WHO is the maid all regardless, forlorn,
That sadly reclines by the waters so fair;
Her ringlets so jetty, all matted and torn,
And the eye that beam'd love beaming only despair?

And why, sadly bent o'er the blue-bosom'd wave
That rolls deep and strong by the vine-crested oak?
" O softly!" (she whispers) " he sleeps in yon grave—
Nor must of my loved one the slumber be broke.

"I hear him—I see him—he smiles from below,
And oh! 'tis the voice to my bosom so dear;"
"Come hasten, sweet maid! for with me must thou go;
Come, maid of the Minho, thy pillow is here!

"Four long dreary nights I have tarried for thee,
And thy shroud with the primroses pale I have drest;
Since wounded, deserted, they forced me to flee,
And spring in the dark rolling Minho to rest."

"Yes, yes! I but stay, little stars of the sky!
To light up his bier with your lustres of gold;
Then hasten with thee, O my soldier, to lie,
Though long be the night, and thy pillow so cold."

SONG.

"O! young shepherd," &c.

O! YOUNG shepherd, from me straying
Hast thou seen a truant wander,
O'er the bloomy hether playing,
By the rill that gurgles yonder?
Gentle shepherd, say!

Round his neck my hand had woven,
Ellen's hand! a ringlet blue;
From a thousand was it chosen,
For my fav'rite still was true,—
Gentle shepherd, ever true!

Two turtle doves, but yester morn,
  Were seen in Ellen's bow'r
To part, the sport of angry scorn,—
  Ah! not like theirs our hour;
    Gentle shepherd, no!

O! where art thou, little rover?
  Ellen, lonely, mourns thy stay;
For thou wert his, my winsome lover,
  Lubin—far away;
    Shepherd, far away!

SONG.

"Reclined on thy bosom," &c.

RECLINED on thy bosom, come whisper to me
A thousand endearments and more;
On those lips let me linger, a proselyte be,
While I gaze, and I sigh, and adore.

Yet who, O, my Rosa, can bask in thine eyes,
And feel unsubdued by their fire?
Then come, dearest girl! I'll mingle my sighs,
All my soul with thine own in desire.

In the soft-dimpled smile, or the beautiful tear,
  An ambush, sweet maid! you design;
Then rock me, my fair, on that pillow so dear,
  And my kisses be melted with thine.

For youth's but a vapour,—then catch ere they fly
  The moments of love in their prime;
Delighted while thus on thy bosom I lie,
  And fetter the pinions of Time.

SONG.

THE COTTAGER'S DAUGHTER.

WHERE blooms yonder ivy-grown cot by the vale,
That the roses and jessamine screen,
For the ring-doves that there sweetly murmur their tale;
The cottager's daughter I've seen.

"Sure, maid, gentle maid!" (I repeat with a sigh)
"My soul's softest vows are thine own;
Then, beautiful stranger! with me wilt thou fly,
And live but to love me alone?"

"Ah, yes!" (she replies) "I could live but for you,
For you ev'ry rival resign;
To the green fields of Harrow would whisper—adieu,—
Nor once let my bosom repine."

So fondly I press, when our parting was nigh,
To accept my poor heart I besought her;
She blushes!—she sighs—"ever thine till I die!"—
'Twas sweet Jenny, the cottager's daughter.

SONG.

"Lady, tell me," &c.

LADY, tell me, if that smile
  Sorrow's languid heart delight,
Wont thou tarry yet awhile
  From the bleak wind and starless night?
No moonbeam lights th' untrodden snow,
  Then safe thy weary limbs recline;
Ah, lady! do not, do not go,
  And leave the hermit here to pine.

In youth I swore to love but one;
  False maid! she swore to love but me;
Her vows are broke, her truth is gone,
  No morn of hope the soul shall see:

Like hers thy voice should cheat my woe,
  But sure no heart like hers is thine!
Ah, lady! do not, do not go,
  And leave the hermit here to pine.

Her hazel eyes were archly fine,
  In wavy gold her ringlets flow'd;
And ripe, her lovely lip divine
  With tints of clust'ring rubies glow'd:
Poor heart, deceived, that loved her so,
  What fest'ring thorn could equal thine!
Ah, lady! do not, do not go,
  And leave the hermit here to pine.

For whiter flocks, for wealthier stores,
  Ah me! she paid her virgin charms;
And sold the peace no wealth restores,
  To languish in a miser's arms:
Yet though no smile like hers can show,
  The angel smile that once was mine—
Ah, lady! do not, do not go,
  And leave the hermit here to pine.

SONG.

"Ah, fate, cruel fate!" &c.

Ah, fate, cruel fate! how couldst thou thus sever
Two hearts, youthful hearts, that were true;
Two buds on one rose-bush that blossom'd together,
And shared in the same kindly dew.

The one that was fairest a rude hand destroy'd,
And the twin-rose, too feeling, must die;
For the sweetness it boasted, the bloom it enjoy'd,
Gave life to the one that was nigh.

Not the soft sunny show'r, not the zephyrs of spring
  Can the pale drooping foliage restore;
For O! it has shrunk at adversity's sting,
  And the consort revives it no more.

SONG.

Tune, "*Katti ni Ara*," or, "*Kitty O'Hara.*"

THE WORDS PARTLY TRANSLATED FROM THIS ORIGINAL IRISH AIR.

O CALL back the roses of morn
That blush'd in the tears of the dew;
And lo! what is left but the thorn,
Of passion, an emblem so true:
The moments of life that are ours,
So soon and so swiftly decay,
That scarce can we gather the flow'rs,
Ere drooping they wither away.

And sleeps the bright dove of the isle!
  Ah, Rosa! those cheeks are they pale?
Where, sunbeam of beauty! thy smile;
  Thy ringlets of gold on the gale?
Of thee seems to whisper each sigh,
  "She's gone! we shall crown her no more;
The maid of the blue-rolling eye,
  The fairest of green Inistore!"

SONG.

"By yon soft-flowing streamlet," &c.

By yon soft-flowing streamlet a myrtle once hung,
'Twas the spot where my Rosa reclined;
On its banks we have sat, in its shade we have sung,
When love was to Florizel kind.

Now faded and lorn is the once happy scene,
The loves lightly part on the wing;
The cuckoo still warbles, the hawthorn is green,
But pale are the smiles of the spring.

Adieu then contentment, for ever adieu,
  Since the fair from my passion could fly;
And ah! could the sigh of her bosom be true?—
  No, she left thee, poor myrtle! to die.

ANTHIA VARIOSA.

BOOK IV.

TO

THE REV. FRANCIS WRANGHAM,

A.M. F.R.S. OF TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE, &c.

ON READING HIS ELOQUENT DEFENCE OF THE IRISH CHARACTER.

WHEN white-robed Mercy, from her Fox's bier,
With cypress wreath still wet by many a tear,
O'er western waves her silver pinions spread,
And bore the spark of freedom from the dead;
Say, while the flame through every bosom ran,
And all the negro felt himself a man;

With loftier port confest the godlike sway,
And saw new virtues bursting into day,—
What pain still dimm'd the triumph of the eye,
And bade the smile be chasten'd by the sigh?
Ah! did not Joy and Sorrow pilgrims go,
To deck the tomb where slept the BRITON low;
And tell to Africa's remotest shore
The friend of man can feel for man no more!

When the Acacia, 'mid the sandy waste,
That oft has charm'd the lingering Arabs haste,
From fiery suns all day has screen'd his head,
And form'd, by night, his refuge and his bed;
Torn by some storm, or smote by lightnings high,
Sinks proudly low beneath its native sky;
How, as he dwells on hours departed here,
For hours to come awakes the rising fear;
And life preserved, but half of life can be,
No shelter opening from his favourite tree.

O, may that Spirit, bending from the skies,
See from his ashes mutual kindness rise;

See liberal feeling more diffused prevail,
And banish Bigotry's distorted tale;
And, o'er the prejudice of other days,
An altar due to Toleration raise!

"

Yes! such, my Wrangham, in thy life we find,
And such the polar impulse of thy mind:
This, the pure essence of Religion speaks,
And Persecution's grinding fury breaks.
Though my loved country, in her trying hour,
Felt not the mild and salutary power;
When bow'd to sorrow, met no pitying foe
To dry her tears, and remedy her woe;
Though, in her sons, the renegades were found,
That lull'd to slumber, then in bondage bound;
Tore from her awful brow the shamroc green,
And stole what late had independence been:
While those who woo'd her to the stern alarms,
When War and Ruin bared their vengeful arms,
Full soon forgot, as transient Peace return'd,
The blood that flow'd, the energies that burn'd,

And as secure they pledge the votive bowl,
Still forge the iron fetters for her soul:
Yet, yet 'twas thine in Mercy's cause to stand,
And raise thy voice prophetic for the land;
With holy eloquence and virtuous zeal,
To strengthen more than all the warrior's steel;
And prove, unawed, what ignorance and pride
So oft detected, have so oft denied,—
That those to whom th' Omniscient has assign'd
Genius and courage, energy and mind,
From nature borrow more exalted powers
Than cold neglect would portion to their hours;
Than Envy's dark and selfish tongue declares,—
Who but the mean, and weak, and worthless spares;
And that no creed exclusive claim can show,
O'er differing faiths to lord it here below.

Though still we mourn amid our lofty pride,
Too soon that Europe's benefactor died;
While, not as yet, dare prejudice resign
To millions wrong'd, their heritage divine—

When Erin's sons partook thy gen'rous care,
(Unbribed, unflatter'd for thy friendship there,)
Found, in yon temple's hallowed bounds, a place
Where patriot Piety redeem'd their race;
Oh, with what pride, or yet some purer glow,
I felt the tribute of thy justice flow!
While, at thy voice, Conviction's manly face
Beam'd with the ardours of converted grace;
And Superstition, shrinking in her cowl,
Shriek'd to the blast her lone, despairing howl.

Then, what his country owes, the bard would pay,
Though weak his lyre, and simple be his lay;
Thou friend of Her, whose high, unsullied name
Burns as a star upon the helm of Fame,—
Virtue and Truth thy splendid progress see,
And point the glory yet reserved for thee;
For thee, unlock the treasures of the mind,
Whom Attic taste and science have design'd
In proud memorial for these times to stand,
The grace and honour of thy native land.

FAREWELL ADDRESS.

SPOKEN BY A LADY ON HER BENEFIT NIGHT, AT THE THEATRE, DEAL.

HERE, where so oft in Fancy's mimic scene,
With smiles and tears, or sportive, or serene,
To please I've strove, with poor theatric art,
And sued to gain the homage of the heart;
O! let me now, with proud emotion, say
You blest the weary wanderer on her way;
With warmth benign dispell'd the chilling fear,
And bade a Spring to blossom through the year;
Gave to the stranger's breast a heav'n-born glow,
And taught the streams of gratitude to flow.

Then, urged by you, my humble powers essay'd
To steal your cares with fiction's pleasing aid;

In comic glee the winged night employ,
And snatch one hour of true, unmingled joy;
With living hues the scènic life pourtray,
And wake the slumbering passions into play;
And light, with lambent fires, the laughing eye,
Or melt the bosom to its softest sigh.

Yes! though this brow no wreath of glory twine,
No voice of fame announce perfection mine,
Nor here Thalia, and her Sister, trace
A Siddons' majesty, a Jordan's grace;
Still, all I can, my anxious soul supplies,
Your high esteem my fond, my only prize,
To me beyond a vain expression dear,
Deep in my heart, I feel, I feel it here;
Those sighs unbidden, and those tears declare,
The curtain dropt—no longer acting there;
No more the actor paints fictitious woe,
Pure from her source great Nature bids it flow.

Adieu, loved patrons of the happy hour,
Friends who possess'd the will, and proved the power!

Though soon ordained to roam a foreign shore,
And meet those cheering smiles, perchance, no more,
Still, still, your full beneficence in view,
Shall pensive Memory fondly turn to you;
That, to erase, shall mock the strokes of Time,
They only deepen gratitude sublime,
And bid its lines in bolder grandeur live,
Show all the past, and all the future give.

ON CHARITY.

TO MISS G——.

LADY, when I traced the mind
  Benignly imaged in thy smile;
'Twas Mercy, first, I saw enshrined,
  Then, Truth that knew not to beguile;
  And Pity, artless, open, free,
  That woke my simple minstrelsy.

In spring of life, with beauty gay,
  When all the glowing hues are born
That o'er the heavenly bosom play,
  And bright the blushing cheek adorn;
  O lovely hermit! wouldst thou dwell
  In Charity's sequester'd cell? (46)

The blue-eyed Maid, benignant power! (47)
  Whose shrine is piled by Beauty's hand;
As sprightly Mirth, to cheat the hour,
  On tiptoe leads the frolic band,— (48)
  Delighted, listens at her voice
  Th' unletter'd sons of want rejoice.

Still in the proud career mayst thou
  O'er all thy rival fair be known;
And ever innocent as now,
  Make virtuous feeling all thine own;
  That so, in age's wint'ry gloom,
  The flowers of Paradise may bloom!

Though many a shore I'm doom'd to roam,
  Yet Memory oft thy form shall trace;
And as she paints my western home,
  And gives each dear, familiar face,
  Then still, though far the distance be,
  O, lady fair! I'll think on thee.

THE

NYMPH OF THE LAKE.

THE loud mountain torrents that down the rock dash,
Wild-gushing, in cat'racts appear;
They thunder, they foam, and beneath as they flash,
Form the lake of sublime Buttermere. (49)

The verdure of cliffs, silver'd over with sheep,
Diversifies every charm;
And the waters below that now tranquilly sleep,
No longer the shepherd alarm.

In this sylvan retreat, where the goddess of health
  Resides with the brown mountaineer;
And toil sweetly carols, unshackled by wealth,
  To peace and to liberty dear,

Disported young Mary, the pride of the vale,
  O'er heath and o'er upland would fly;
Her breath was as sweet as the pea-scented gale,
  No sound was so soft as her sigh.

Her languishing eyes of the clearest light blue
  Expanded in purity's ray;
Her lips were two tulips that glisten'd in dew,
  Embalm'd with the odours of May.

Her cheeks were carnations that vied with the glow
  In the orient blush of the morn;
And rivall'd the beauties, unspotted, that blow
  On the buds of the white-blossom'd thorn.

Of brown were the ringlets, so long and so bright,
  That 'circled her bosom of snow;
Her form so alluring, so sportive, so light,
  To ornament nothing could owe.

Her temper so cheerful, her manners so mild,
  Her conduct so blameless to view,
Bespoke her Simplicity's loveliest child,
  Unstain'd as her own mountain dew.

From scenes so romantic no stranger would go,
  Till the magic he felt of her smile;
And the praise of his heart, thus admiring, bestow
  On love's rural tablet the while.

Unruffled by storms, unassail'd by deceit,
  Her current of life seem'd to roll;
And the feign'd admiration, so fair but to cheat,
  Never sullied the flow of her soul.

'Twas autumn; and jocund, the landscape around
O'er-teem'd with the husbandman's spoil;
And Plenty, loud-laughing, as gay she unbound
Her girdle entrusted to Toil.

From Keswick, the cruel invades her repose,
All the dæmons were leagued in his train;
And doom'd her fair bosom to bitterest woes,
To the torture of frenzy, her brain.

Affection he pawn'd with imposing address,
It ensnared with invisible guile;
Could beauty and youth no contrition impress,
While he bask'd in her innocent smile?

His title alluring, his rank she might deem
Would emblazon her humble array;
Ambition too fondly might cherish the dream,
And lead simple nature astray.

He proffer'd his honours, his fortunes to share,
  No honour, no fortune had he;
And wove for the innocent stranger a snare
  So subtle, no prudence could see.

Ah! fatal the hour, when to Lorton, so gay,
  The nymph full of gratitude came;
What eye but confest she outrivall'd the day?
  What heart but had boasted a flame?

How soon did calamity pillow thy head,
  Sweet Mary, Simplicity's flower!
How soon, to his cave, Despair would have led,
  Where the yew over-arches his bower!

The spoiler deserts thee—the joy-blushing bed
  But deepens the dark gloom of fate;
For loaded with guilt the Betrayer has fled,
  Unfelt, or unpitied thy state?

Yet hush thee, poor mourner! the soul-rending sigh;—
  The tears of the feeling are thine;
And virtue will wipe from that beautiful eye
  The gem of repentance divine.

THE

MAID OF THE BOYNE.

THE rose that blossoms in the lonely wild
  Far from the rude and noisy haunts of man,—
More chastely blooms, sweet Freedom's native child,
  Than all the eye of luxury can scan;—
  Close to her breast the humming wild-bee clings,
  And guards her beauties with his golden wings.

Not, to the wealthy proud, or titled vain,
  Has the All-wise th' exclusive sway assign'd,
To wreath the heart in beauty's flow'ry chain,
  And charm with all the elegance of mind:
  Ah! what more touching, shelter'd by the thorn,
  Than the young violet glist'ning to the morn?

So, where the waves of Boyne triumphant roll, (50)
In calm seclusion Ellen graced the scene;
Her form, the polish'd temple of her soul,
Her soul, the mirror to her faultless mien;
Dark were her hazel eyes, and o'er her face
Love gave their loveliness a softer grace.

Of brightest auburn, threaded by the loves,
Her clust'ring ringlets in profusion hung;
While all the languor, that the coldest moves,
Play'd 'round her lips, or warbled on her tongue;
Like Aula's pearls when in cornelian cased,
Her snow-white teeth the ruby casket graced.

But sure no poet's nor no pencil's skill
Can, to the soul, that fascination give,
Where springs expression, at the magic will,
In lines that captivate, and traits that live;
And lends with Nature's varying tints, the while,
The blush, the tear, the languor, and the smile.

Yet, I have seen a face, perchance, as fair,
  A form, perhaps, the world might deem as fine;
But what is bloom, or meretricious air
  To sense, to feeling, and to taste like thine;
  Whose blended charms a blushing softness show,
  As dews upon the modest heathbell glow?

Diamond of night, that stars the lily's breast,
  How, in the orient sunbeam, dost thou shiue!
But say, ah say! in half the radiance drest
  That Beauty owns, triumphant and divine,
  When, o'er the tears, her smiles eclipsing rise
  In all the lustre of a thousand dyes.

Like it, sweet maid! I've seen the lucid tear
  Bedew the pensive roses on thy cheek,
Till rising pleasure struggled with the fear,
  And chased thy sorrows in assurance meek;
True, as the pledge of Heaven's aërial bow,
  Thine eyes, no more, to drown in wasting woe.

O lovely stranger, innocent as mild!
  Smooth be the downward current of thy life,
And calm thy ruffled bosom, as the child
  Who smiles, 'mid war, unconscious of the strife;
  May guardian Peace thy aching head recline,
  And make Contentment's downy pillow thine!

THE SUSPICION.

And wilt thou indeed, ah deceiver! so fair,
Wish the sigh of thy bosom recorded above;
And tell that thy glance and thy languishing air
Nor melt to persuasion, nor kindle to love?

Yet think thee how long, unrepining, I've borne
The absence from bliss that a rival could know;
And only was mine to adore and to mourn
That still I was true, and that still it was so.

But deceit in the gaudy delusion I've seen,
  Nor glory, thou false one! thy scorn I endure;
For the tempest is o'er, and the bosom serene,
  And, charmer! if wealth be thine idol, I'm poor.

THE REPROACH.

(IN REPLY TO THE FORMER.)

AH, say! is the rose less delightful to thee,
While its bloom and its fragrance uninjured remain;
Because, on its bosom, the innocent bee
Has tasted of sweetness unmingled with pain?

Then whisper no more that I laugh thee to scorn;
That mine eye to the smile of the stranger is giv'n;
For O! there's a tear not of tenderness born,
And a sigh that ascends but as incense to heav'n.

Yet banish thy soul-chilling doubts, thou unkind!
If for others I feel, 'tis but friendship I prove;
For the heart that adores, but one object can find,
And alas! thou ingrate! it is thee that I love.

ON THE

DEATH OF A FRIEND.

When to the long oblivious sleep
  The virtuous and the just descend;
And Pity's eyes but wake, to weep
  The orphan's and the widow's friend;—
Say, shall the bard, reluctant, tell
  How sweet's the life that virtue knows;
How calm, to such, the last farewell,
  Of life's eventful day the close?

No budding spoils from fancy's brow
  He culls, thine honour'd turf to bind;
A lovelier verdure clothes it now,
  In bloom by pensive Truth design'd;

The glowing charms her hues impart,
  So mellow'd by the softest rays,—
Eclipse the garish tints of art,
  And veil them in transcending blaze.

O, thou! from whom my list'ning ear
  First caught Religion's holy voice;
To whom, my lisping tongue sincere
  Declared the path of hope my choice;
Thine was the pure, exalted mind,
  That scorn'd to gloss injustice o'er;
That taught the weak a stay to find,
  The wealthy to respect the poor!

When, on this world of pain and care,
  My infant eyes first opening shone,
Thou badd'st, the font baptismal share,
  And Virtue nurse me for her own;
And as unfolding o'er the soul,
  The sun of reason pour'd its light,
By thee adorn'd, instruction stole
  My wakening sense to glory bright.

Servant of God! I see thee rise,
  And soaring, spurn our lowly ball;
I see thee pierce the highest skies,
  And circling angels wait thy call!
The eye of faith pursues thee still,
  'Mid all thy vast and dread career;
Where times, unborn, await the will
  That cherubims adore and fear.

TO A LADY.

ON SEEING A BEAUTIFUL PAINTING OF THE ERUPTION OF MOUNT VESUVIUS, WHICH SHE HAD EXECUTED.

PENCIL of life! whose tints array
A magic world in awful charm;
I see the spiral volumes play,
I feel the flame, as Nature's, warm.

Now, branching, shoots the pine tree high,
And o'er the clouds swift flashes pour;
The fiery masses star the sky,
And liquid sheets emblaze the shore.

Red boils the lava's gushing stream,
  As deep it ploughs the mountain-side;
In showers the scorching ashes teem,
  As wilder bursts the wasting tide.

O! artist fair, perchance thy power
  May bid the blush of beauty glow;
Perchance thou rov'st the eastern bower
  Where Sharon's musky roses blow!

On tufts of lilies, laid so light,
  While glossy palms o'er-arch thy head;
Perchance thou paint'st the eye-beam bright,
  Benign expression's lucid bed.

There, if thou cull'st each rival rose,
  O! deck Elmira's beauteous cheek,
Till thy creative genius shows
  The grace, Elmira's blushes speak.

And, if thy pencil's vivid hue
  Can lure the truant glance to shine;
And blend her cheek, divinely true,—
  I'll tell thee Nature's stores are thine!

But catch the fugitive, her smile,
  The herald of a soul sincere,
Or ere a seraph's bloom, the while,
  Thou bidd'st thy daring colours wear.

Yet, in this canvass breathes a grace,
  A life so true, a taste so fine;
That every eye a charm can trace,
  And every heart confess it thine.

ON

FIRST SEEING JULIANA.

I SAW two suns, of heav'n's own ray,
To a new world existence give;
My heart, that world, adored their sway,
And bade the soft impressions live.

Yet thus I strove its fears to charm;—
"Poor trembler! peace shall still be mine!
'Tis beauty's beam, 'tis love's alarm,
But love and beauty oft were thine!"

But, ah! too well those eyes can prove
  The charmer's voice would sooth in vain;
Since he who sang the joys of love,
  Now only feels, to mourn, its pain.

THE WELCOME.

ON THE ARRIVAL OF THE MARCHIONESS OF DOWNSHIRE IN IRELAND, AUGUST, 1805.

ONCE more, yon blooming bowers among,
The full toned harps of joy resound;
Once more, to pleasure's siren song,
Blithe Echo wakes the vallies round.

The Graces, with the Virtues, come
In Downshire's train, our isle to greet;
And see! where Erin welcomes home
The Fair, to bless her favourite seat.

Now, pain and doubt are felt no more,
  The white sail nears the peopled strand;
As, bending from the breezy shore,
  The cheering crowds triumphant stand.

Woke by the orphan's holy voice,
  For Her the grateful anthem sings;
She bids the old, the poor rejoice,
  And balm to heal their sorrow brings. (51)

And lo! she leads the graceful youth,
  And views, with fond maternal pride,
The heir of all his father's truth
  Exulting, own the patriot guide.

Views, in the heir of Downshire's name,
  Those bright and budding hopes expand,
That gave his sire a deathless fame,
  As guardian of his native land!

ON

SEEING MRS. SIDDONS

IN THE AUTUMN OF 1802.

In frolic mood, with laughter-loving mien,
No more Thalia decks the comic scene;
The pictured flowers of Fancy's sportive morn
No more, in smiles, her polish'd brow adorn;
In sober sadness treads the tragic muse,
Her garb more pensive, more refined her hues:
Lo! Siddons comes, the buskin'd drama's charm,
Each throbbing heart repeats the fond alarm;
Each melting eye weeps sweetly o'er the hour,
Each bosom owns her ever-varying power:
Th' alternate Passions, at her plastic call,
In just gradation, duly rise or fall;

By turns awake the sigh, command the tear,
In smiles dissolve; or cloud the brow severe,
Now, mount impetuous on the whirlwind's wing,
Or sooth like odours of the opening spring;
In love's soft glance, and rich persuasion lie,
Or flash in vengeance from the angry eye.
The mild affections of domestic life
Pourtray her genius, in the Gamester's wife;
Welcome from fatal haunts her truant love,
And whisper peace, as does the travell'd dove;—
What Stukely braves the terrors of the sky,
When heav'n's own lightning launches from on high?
When virtue's cause a Siddons would assume,
What vice but withers in its proudest bloom?—
So mutely eloquent, those eyes divine
A language, forceful as the soul's, enshrine;
Not Otway's flowing pencil can command
Th' expressive powers that wait her magic hand;
Can Jaffier's heart resist her pleading smile?
"Remember twelve"—what Jaffier could beguile!
Now, shrouded spectres cheat her swimming sight,
Poor Belvidera grasps the shadowy light,

The cold winds freeze the ebbing stream of life,
And Jaffier's ghost but lingers for his wife.—
Now, high she towers above the vengeful storm,
Euphrasia's virtues nerve her Attic form,
To shield Evander's life, the tyrant's blood
Around a father swells the purple flood;
Majestic triumph stamps the filial scene,
She looks, she moves—the heroine and the queen.—
Can all imagination's griefs impart
A pang to match the widow'd mother's heart,
The wife, in name alone, whose sorrows lave
The turf where Douglas found an early grave!
What parent views, whose tears forget to flow,
As Siddons paints the agonizing woe?
The darling child each mother wildly prest,
And closer strain'd it to her panting breast;
And, while she wept the fabled sorrows o'er,
Found all her soul a kinder heaven adore:—
As when, in bleak December, chilling blow
The howling winds that wing the drifted snow;
O'er the lone moor, no moonbeam shoots afar,
No sky is brighten'd by a single star;

But, 'round the blazing hearth, in social flow,
The cottage circle hear the tempest blow;
And closer pressing, as the casement shows
The dreary storm of thick-descending snows,
Pay with their tears the shiv'ring trav'ller's sighs,
And all their joys, by contrast, doubly prize;—
The livelier sense, the Source of good, endears,
And dwells recorded with their future years.

SELMA;

OR,

THE GHOST OF OSCAR.

THE fires were sunk, the camp was still,
The drowsy sentries scarce replied;
When down from Allen's winding hill (52)
A warrior's form was seen to glide.

Of more than mortal size he seem'd,
Of more than mortal mien, to be;
And bright his spear of cornel gleam'd,
And swift as eddying winds was he.

A cromlech's cloud-capt pile behind,
In musing mood the hero drew;
When past, upon the volleying wind,
A more than angel phantom flew.

Soon, on the whistling blast, he knows
The fair, the fond Malvina ride;
As o'er Moilena's heath she goes, (53)
To join him by Duthula's tide. (54)

O'er the wan cheek, a playful beam
Yet linger'd from his hollow eye;
While glowing hues repaint the dream,
As "times of old" before him fly.

"O come, Malvina! haste, my love,
And trace thy hero's parting plain;
Where 'gainst a host thy Oscar strove,
And scarce a host has Oscar slain.

" Thou tarry'dst long, my gentle fair,
  While here I've coursed the biting wind;
For wild my fears, and deep my care,
  When Toscar's daughter stays behind."

" I come," the beauteous vision sighs,
  " My flight was bent to Selma's hall;
Where light, the bearded thistle flies
  Around the shade of great Fingal!

" O'er the proud hall of echoing sound,
  In vain, my wandering eyes I threw;
Silence was there,—and wild, around,
  The lonely weed of ruin grew.

" No longer arm'd, to scour the field,
  Young Fillan like the bounding roe;
Pride of my heart! nor Oscar's shield
  Blazed dreadful on the charging foe.

" No more, upon the spear of fame,
From hill to hill does Ossian bound;
Nor Morni's son, with sword of flame,
In fiery combat rock the ground.

" Nor, like the cliff, unmoved that stands
Begirt with ocean's roaring storm,—
Does he that Selma's race commands,
In battle rear his towering form.

" The brown-dogs, now, no more are seen
All snuffing blithe, the morn inhale;
No red-deer start across the scene;
No hunter breasts the mountain gale!

" Yet there the mighty prize was mine,
The prize for which I wing'd my way;
The harp of Ossian, still divine,
That hid by mantling ivy lay.

" And lorn and sad, the golden string
  Scarce thrumming quiver'd to my hand,
When swift, at music's magic, spring
  To grace the feast, a princely band !

" A hundred harps in echo spoke;
  A hundred lights the hall adorn ;
And high, the glitt'ring banquet broke
  O'er noisome weed, and jagged thorn.

" There, throng'd in mail of azure sheen,
  The chiefs that bound o'er hills of wind ;
And Selma's daughters ranged between ;
  And he, the Bard, the mighty blind. (55)

" A throne, by stately Morven's side,
  The blue-eyed maid of Lochlin bore, (56)
' Come, harp of Selma,' (pleased he cried)
  ' To Selma's glorious deeds of yore !'

"'O harp of Selma!' sigh'd I sad,
'Thy notes may none but Ossian raise;
And make the heart of triumph glad,
To catch, of Selma's harp, the praise.'

"Wild grasp'd the Bard of other years
The strings, that well his fingers knew;
And seem'd to trickle fast the tears,
As all the song was full of you.

"And then, to me this prize resign'd,
To bear to Ossian's mighty son;
While heroes ride the rushing wind,
To join thy spear on Cromla dun.

"That prize, O Ossian's son! is thine,
For thee its strings of fame I sweep;
Thy brow, with glory's wreath to twine,
Thy fate, with heart of woe, to weep."

Soft as she spoke, a glist'ning tear
  Tho' air-born, seem'd her cheek to dew;
And pleased, the warrior joys to hear,
  And bids the fair the strain pursue.

Then, by an oak whose scathed form
  Gave pledge of many a forky fire;
And chid the rude and raving storm
  That saw its blooming hopes expire;

Plaintive she sat;—and as the strain
  With wild and touching skill she charm'd;
A nobler, bolder scorn of pain,
  The hero's kindling spirit warm'd.

Again the shield of Ossian blazed;
  Again, the spear of Oscar flew;
Again, the king of isles, amazed,
  From Morven's withering glance withdrew.

And now, to Toscar's envied fair,
  She softly, sweetly, tuned the lyre;—
The breast of snow, the raven hair,
  The rolling eyes of liquid fire!

And how the pride of warriors bow'd,
  And own'd, Malvina! all thy bloom;
And how that voice, in battle loud,
  Consign'd the bravest to the tomb.

But when, with falt'ring hand, she smote
  The string to all her sorrows true;
She felt each sad and wavering note
  Her struggling, fainting soul subdue.

Her misty locks of raven bright,
  Aloft, she toss'd in wild despair;
"O Oscar! yes, beloved! for night
  I left the realms of vital air!

" For thee, beside thy stone of grey,
  Have prest the cold and lonely heath;
For thee, have sigh'd my soul away,
  And now thy airy chaplet wreath.

" Come, mount the winds! on yonder cloud
  We'll sweep along Moilena's plain;
And chase, with many an echo loud,
  The ghosts of those thine arm has slain.

" Already, throned on Cromla's brow,
  The chiefs are met of Selma's hall;
Already down the plain below,
  The halo streams of great Fingal!

" Come, mount the winds! and as along
  Fleet on the volleying blast we ride;
From Cromla's echoing brow, the song
  Shall chaunt my Oscar's glory wide."

NOTES

ON

BOOK I.

NOTES ON

ADDRESS TO HEBE.

Note 1.—Page 29.

O Tusculum! &c.

THE delightful retreat of a friend, distinguished by his classic acquirements and critical acumen.

Note 2.—Page 30.

And all the amphibious tricks beside,
That winning delicacy hide.

The custom with a certain class of what are called, "dashing females," to ape every thing masculine, becomes more prevalent every day. These,

Steele (in 437 No. of the Spectator) has emphatically designated "Equestrian females, who affect the masculine and feminine air at the same time." And if these extravagancies (a highly immodest attempt in the "female cavaliers," to blend a mixture of two sexes into one) called forth, nearly a hundred years ago, the inimitable satire of Addison; what would he have thought had he lived at the present time? How would he have lashed the abandonment of feminine delicacy in manner as in dress? If, to hat and feather, riding-coat and periwig, and (of late) to be booted to the knees; had been superadded the masculine stare and strut, the unreceding effrontery of the quizzing-glass, the horse-laugh, and the total relinquishment of suavity, and softness and gentleness, among some of the fair sex, he might indeed have added,

"Had one of these hermaphrodites appeared in Juvenal's days, with what an indignation should we have seen her described by that excellent satirist? He would have represented her in a riding-habit, as a greater monster than the Centaur. He would have

called the sacrifices of purifying waters, to expiate the appearance of such a prodigy. He would have invoked the shades of Portia and Lucretia, to see into what the Roman ladies had transformed themselves."

We were much pleased with the following "General observations on female dress," inserted in a fashionable periodical work very lately. They abundantly confirm the existence, and point out the absurdity, of that unfeminine mania that unhappily pervades some classes of our distinguished females.

"GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.

"Whatever difference of opinion the laws for the regulation of dress, which I have endeavoured to systematize, may have occasioned, I hope there will be none on the following negative observations.

"First, I would condemn every thing in female attire which bears any resemblance to the dress of men,

particularly to that of military men. However ambitious of conquest the fair may be, they cannot expect to attain their object by inspiring beholders with terror. Modesty and loveliness are their legitimate weapons, retreat and ambuscade their chief military manœuvres. Instead, therefore, of imitating the masculine character, the only anxiety of the ladies ought to be, to choose those forms and colours in dress which assimilate with the sentiment of loveliness, and which will add to their native softness and attractive grace.

"I know there is a race of Amazons in this age, the Lady Diana Spankers of the present day, to whom all this world appear the height of absurdity. To rival, not to captivate men, is the aim of these heroines; but they will, I am sure, never find admirers or imitators amongst those who are distinguished for sensibility or intelligence."

See "Ackerman's Repository of Arts, Fashions, Manufactures," &c.

Note 3.—Page 31.

The female gamester's doleful state.

A thirst for dissipation, among the fairest works of Providence, most undeniably "has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished." If in this, and the preceding note, I may appear more harsh than will be agreeable to my fair readers, I need only remark, that the maturity of the vice will admit of no palliatives. It must be probed deeply, before we can calculate on amendment. Cards, which some years ago occupied but a chasm in our social hours, now absorb the whole. Formerly (with but few exceptions) pleasure was the only object, or, at least amusement. But now, gaming, for the sake of gaming is, but too generally, the sole pursuit of the higher and middling classes every evening, at home or abroad. The grand-daughter of eight, and the grandmother of eighty, meet, nobly affiliated, in the same circle; and spite, ill-nature;

and rudeness are engendered at this busy emporium of craft and scandal.

To say nothing of the thirst of avarice it is so well-calculated to produce, (a passion more mean, selfish, and detestable than any other) will my fair country-women inform me, what can atone for the time so unprofitably squandered; for the means of knowledge so improvidently lost? That this amiable and lovely sex who controul so powerfully our destinies, and lead man with a cobweb when a chain would not drag him, should be ignorant how much a cultivated mind embellishes every personal attraction; and sacrifice (besides serenity of temper, and hours that are irrevocable) beauty, fortune, and reputation at a prostituted shrine, can never be enough censured or deplored. Are they insensible to that laudable pride which should render them anxious to disprove the fallacious theories of those, who would account for the existing gradations of intellect between the sexes, on the score of essentially different powers? And why will they, by such infatuation, give a pretext

to their detractors, (for such there are) to debase the purity of their principles and the amiabilities of their heart?

NOTES ON MORNING.

Note 4.—Page 33.

Lo! onward Zephyretta leads.

Thus Ariosto in his Orlando Furioso,

"Chloris, of bright Aurora's train who flies
Before the sun, and round the dappled skies;
From her full vest the silver lily strows,
The purple violet, and blushing rose."

Book xv. ver. 420.

Zephyretta, or Chloris, was a nymph of whom Zephyrus was enamoured, and having spoiled her of her virginity, gave her the name of Flora. She was called Zephyretta from the name of the wind. Pope gives this last name to one of his Sylphids, in his "Rape of the Lock,"

"The fluttering fan be Zephyretta's care."

Note 5.—Page 38.

How dear yon streamlet's whisp'ring flow.

On a review of the early scenes of life, we are disposed to regard their flattering delusions with a fondness bordering on idolatry. To a generous mind they are still dear, even in the most favourable influences of fortune; nor does adversity indispose us to relish those hours of peace, of innocence, and happiness, whose return we in vain sigh for among the disappointments of the world. Of all our recollections none are

perhaps stronger than those connected with the infancy of passion. We feel, exquisitely feel, a pleasing melancholy that is indescribable; and a tender influence still impresses the mind for those, probably, long removed from the troubles of life; or who are separated from us beyond the probability of meeting.

Note 6.—Page 40.

Though Ruin, 'mid ambrosial bloom,
Hung the dark cypress of the tomb.

This transition to the morning of life is not unnatural; and we do not envy the insensibility of the heart that is proof to its allurements. However disappointed we have been from the creations of fancy on entering the world; it matters but little that the vivid beauties they gave to life were falsified by experience; still we love them, and poignantly regret they are now vanished for ever.

Note 7.—Page 42.

So Mary gazed her long adieu,
When parting from her native shore.

Although the beautiful and unfortunate Mary was born in Scotland, we are fully borne out by historical fact in the assertion, that she always regarded France as her native country. The anguish of Mary on leaving its gay and polished court, for the inflexibly obstinate and unamiable society she was doomed to mingle with; and the tenacity with which she kept sight of the receding coast, until it was no longer visible, are well known.

Note 8.—Page 43.

For me the signal topsail swell.

The loosing of the fore-top-sail, and firing a gun is the signal made for unmooring by ships of war.

Note 9.—Page 44.

In the Atlantic Eden's smile.

The island of Madeira.

Note 10.—Page 45.

Where spreads Laguna's forest fair.

The beauties of Laguna, in the island of Teneriffe, have induced some to suppose that Tasso had this peaceful and charming forest in contemplation when he speaks of the Fortunate Islands, in which he places the palace of Armida. It is indeed sufficient to have stored such a mind with the most exquisite imagery of nature.

Note 11.—Page 45.

On Willem's plain, &c.

It was here that Bernardine St. Pierre laid the scene of his affecting story of Paul and Virginia.

Note 12.—Page 46.

Where Julia's grotto, &c.

Monsieur De St. Vincent after describing his excursion along the banks of the river Mat, in the island of Bourbon, proceeds,—

"After most excellent sport, we returned in the evening by the great road; and I perceived on the opposite bank, which however from the rapidity of the current I could not visit, a secret gorge formed by

the sides of the torrent. At the bottom of this gorge there was a retired grotto, the entrance to which was by several narrow footpaths, adorned by a great variety of flowering shrubs. I learned that the spot had been thus embellished by M. Dumorier, whom I knew in the Isle of France, and who died only a few days after my arrival there. Dumorier had named this place "Julia's Grotto," and had brought within its limited range almost every interesting plant which the island produces.

"If a lover of the sciences, if a friend of virtue, should visit the island which I describe, let him pause in Julia's grotto; and seated beneath the cool canopy and fragrant foliage of entwining shrubs, let him remember that the man who cherished and decked this arbour, withdrew into its shade when he reflected on the means of being useful to his equals, and of improving the condition of the surrounding colonists; and he never quitted his retreat without meditating the performance of some good action."

See St. Vincent's Travels.

Note 13.—Page 48.

And winds and planets 'round diffuse.

Aurora was the daughter of Hyperion and Thea. She was married to Astræus, by whom she had the winds and stars.

Note 14.—Page 48.

Orion, hapless hunter, &c.

Aurora, among her other amours, had an intrigue with Orion, whom she carried to the island of Delos; where he was killed by Diana's arrows.

NOTES ON MONODY.

Note 15.—Page 50.

Droop'd like the Pætan rose, &c.

The roses of Pætum were much celebrated for their luxuriancy and beauty; and particularly for the circumstance of their blowing twice a year. Thus Virgil,

Biferi rosaria Pæsti.

Note 16.—Page 52.

Ah! what is death? say, dwells it in that sigh
So soft, so mild, so angel-like serene.

This great question must be relatively considered. Nothing certainly can be more different than the

death of the virtuous and the wicked. To the former it is, literally, "the falling asleep," with a triumphant conviction of glory and immortality. It has lately been my melancholy duty to attend the death-bed of such a one, and to register the happiness, at such an hour, of a well-spent life. The cheerful composure to the divine will, and the unruffled sweetness of temper inspired by the consolations of religion, made me more than once secretly enquire, "if this was, indeed, the death so awful, and so terrible!" Even in the latest moment, all was calm and tranquil; a slight convulsion just played upon the lip, and her pure spirit was received into the bosom of its God.

I shall not dilate on the agonies I have witnessed (and most reluctantly) at the death-bed of the wicked. The bare idea is too horrible.

NOTE ON ATHGARVAN.

Note 17.—Page 55.

By the soft-shaded glens, &c.

The scenery here described (and without exaggeration) is that of the demesne of Castle Martyn (the seat of the Carter family) in the county Kildare; where the author resided in the summer of 1808, during the encampment of the Curragh; from which it is distant about two miles and a half. The Liffey, shaded by a profusion of luxuriant trees, runs within forty yards of the house; and upon the beautiful slope of the opposite bank, rose the tents of the 11th light dragoons, giving a most picturesque effect to the scenery.

Athgarvan is a small village, between Castle Martyn and the Curragh, where the amiable friend to whom this poem is inscribed resided.

NOTE ON THE DEATH OF ADONIS.

Note 18.—Page 64.

That round the Syrian hunter play'd.

Despising the cautions of his mistress, to dissuade him from the chase; Adonis, who was fond of hunting, at last received a mortal bite from a wild-boar whom he had wounded. The grief of Venus for his loss was excessive. She changed him into the flower Anemoné.

NOTE ON BATALHA.

Note 1.—Page 68.

All hail, ye spires! &c.

The severities of the campaign in Portugal having seriously injured my health, I procured leave to return to England for its recovery. Having parted with the British army, when filing off for Abrantes, I pursued by easy stages my journey to Lisbon, and resolved not to leave the country without visiting that splendid triumph of art, the Royal Monastery or Convent of Batalha. It is situated about two Portuguese leagues from Leiria, in the province of Estramadura. I had expected to reach the convent by noon of the second day from my leaving Coimbra. But the weather

being intolerably hot, the mules jaded, and the muleteer discontented; I was forced to submit to necessity, and halt three hours, during the excessive heat, at Leiria. But this circumstance afterwards proved singularly gratifying, for I was thereby enabled to see Batalha in its fullest glory. A narrow but romantically beautiful cross-road made us forget the fatigues of the morning, and conducted to the convent.

It was now five o'clock in the evening of a delightful day (Tuesday, the 13th of June, 1809). The heat, hitherto oppressive, had yielded to the influence of the breeze, that wafting the perfumes of the orange tree, regaled and invigorated. At once, as if by magic, the magnificent western front of Batalha, towering above orchards and vineyards, burst upon me. I shall not attempt to describe the feelings it excited.

"At Batalha," (says Murphy in the introduction to his splendid work on the subject) "about five o'clock in the evening, when the sun is opposite the great western window, the effect of its painted glass is most

enchanting. At this hour the fathers usually assemble in the choir to chant the evening service; whilst the myriads of variegated rays which emanate from this beautiful window resemble so many beams of glory playing around them." He did not overcharge the description. Every thing sublime and imposing is, at such a moment, combined at Batalha. I could not but think myself more than ordinarily fortunate! It was precisely twenty minutes past five, when my Seje stopped at the porch of the western entrance. A more than Siberian solitude prevailed. The burnished rays of a setting sun gilded the spires and clustering pinnacles of the building; and blazing full on the painted glass of the great western window, threw upon that exquisite specimen of the arts indescribable glory. The full choir of "solemn sounds" was that moment ascending; and, contrasting the stillness of surrounding nature, swelled at intervals upon the ear.

No spot, indeed, could have been more admirably selected for devotion and retirement. Nearly a triple row of hills, rising in succession to the clouds, com-

pletes its amphitheatre. It seems wholly sequestered from the world.—The bustle of busy life, the idle din of equipages, are never heard. No sound breaks upon the solitude unless when the benighted traveller, or admirer of science, seeks the shelter of its hospitable roof. Seated on the north terrace that opens from one of the corridors, I enjoyed upon the ensuing morning some hours of an enviable calm, to which I had been long a stranger. Nothing can be finer than the prospect! Hills, clothed with pines and luxuriant olives, intersected by pasturage: gardens and cornfields interspersed, and refreshed by the waters of a fine river that winds by the convent. The serenity of the hour—the solemn and almost eternal silence—the richly ornamented sculpture and graceful proportions of the building, buoyed the mind above the world, and made it sick of its cares and vanities.

By the Prior, I was treated with a courteous sincerity and frankness of welcome, that spoke more sensibly to the heart than the studied ostentations of the world can convey. And the simplicity of manner,

and kind assiduities of the fathers, impressed me equally with joy and gratitude.—I left them, indeed, with regret.—Nor will I easily forget the repose from care that I found at Batalha, nor the benevolent attentions of its inhabitants.

It is now 421 years since Batalha was erected by Don John the First, of Portugal, in completion of a vow made by him to the Virgin Mary, the night before the decisive battle of Aljubarrota, won by him (with a force greatly inferior) over the king of Castile, on the 14th of August, 1385. The battle commenced not more than half a league from the spot on which the convent is founded. Hence it is called the "Convent do Batalha."—The taste, magnificence, and grandeur of the building have been rarely, if ever, surpassed; and the dark cream colour given to the stone, externally, from the effects of time, renders the toute ensemble highly picturesque.—It is the most beautiful specimen of the ornamental Gothic now extant.

The exquisite workmanship of the unfinished mausoleum of King Emanuel is the admiration of every beholder. It is in the finest style of the florid Gothic, and a more modern building than the monastery; this alone abundantly repays the trouble of a journey to study it.

The architect of this stupendous monument of genius is most deservedly interred in the body of the church, to the left of the western entrance. The fathers informed me his name was Matthæus Fernandez; but in a note annexed to Murphy's translation of De Sousa's History of Batalha, it is there asserted, on apparently incontestible evidence, that the architect was an Irishman, named David Hacket, who lived at the period of its erection in the Vianna das Caminhas.

For a particular account of this noble building, see "Plans, Sections, &c. of Batalha," by Murphy; his translation of the "History of the Convent, from the Portuguese of the Father Luis de Sousa;" and, more

particularly, the Views of that building, engraved in the masterly style that distinguishes every thing executed by the correct and scientific genius of Lowry. For delicacy and beauty, his engraving of the chancel will long remain a proof of the excellence to which he has brought the art.

NOTES ON

"THE KISS; OR, MALVA ASLEEP."

Note 19.—Page 74.

Where the sweet amadavid and blue pigeon rove,
And the emerald Parroquets play!

Birds peculiar to the tropics. So likewise is all the scenery described in this poem.

NOTE
"ON THE ADVANTAGE OF POETICAL TASTE."

Note 20.—Page 81.

Where angels attend to the song.

In allusion to Milton's immortal poem.

NOTE ON "THE FAREWELL."

Note 21.—Page 84.

And though, Lusitania! thy high-bosom'd maids
With softness of soul all the heart can delight;
Whose eyes, so bewitching, a tenderness shades,
That makes lovely woman more touchingly bright.

The Portugueze women are very remarkable for justifying the epithet I have here given them. And

certainly, whether the advantage be referred to the bounty of nature or the refinement of art, still it renders them decidedly more attractive.

Whatever opinions may be held of the male population of Portugal; I have uniformly found, among the females, that softness and sensibility so generally admired, and so completely irresistible. Their eyes glisten with a peculiar tenderness; their manners agreeably correspond; and I think I may venture to add, their dispositions, even not "En affaires de la cœur," are faithful transcripts of the countenance, full of pity and benevolence. This may be deemed (I believe) a general characteristic; at least it pervades, with few exceptions, all the women I have seen. And to prove that I am no enthusiast in these opinions, I have been enabled to deduce practical illustrations of their general correctness, in my own case. Under the pressure of a severe illness, (induced by privations, and the fatigues of an arduous compaign) it was my fortune to be essentially obliged by two women in very different ranks of life. The one, a lady of rank and fortune; the other, wife

to an indigent peasant. By the unceasing cares and kindness of the latter, my life (under Providence) was undeniably preserved; and from the former I experienced all those little elegant attentions, that sooth the desponding spirit of an invalid, and contribute so powerfully to his convalescence. These two instances are selected from a thousand others, merely by way of contrast, from the difference of rank in the individuals.

NOTE
"ON SEEING A BEAUTIFUL EAST INDIAN."

Note 22.—Page 86.

The honey's new delight.

The expedition of Bacchus to the East is much celebrated. He marched at the head of an army

composed of men as well as of women, all inspired with divine fury, and armed with thyrsuses, cymbals, and other musical instruments. The leader was drawn in a chariot by a lion and a tyger, and was accompanied by Pan and Silenus (his foster-father), and all the satyrs. His conquests were easy and without bloodshed. The people cheerfully submitted, and gratefully elevated to the rank of a god the hero who taught them the use of the vine, the cultivation of the earth, and the manner of making honey.

NOTES ON "POLL-A-PHUCA."

Note 23.—Page 96.

Nymph of the scene, &c.

Poll-A-Phuca, or the the Dæmon's hole, is a grand waterfall, formed from the head of the river Liffey,

that rises from the Wicklow mountains, and here divides the counties of Wicklow and Dublin. It belonged to the late Earl of Milltown, where his lordship displayed great taste and judgment in forming and improving the several walks leading to this beautiful waterfall. Rural and appropriate accommodations are prepared in the caves and grottos with which it abounds, for the several dining parties who in the summer season visit this natural curiosity. A pavilion, romantically situated, terminates the plantations near the extremity of the fall; and a moss-house, tastefully ornamented, overlooks from its proud elevation the entire prospect.

Note 24.—Page 98.

And o'er these Alps, &c.

The grand and picturesque scenery of the Wicklow mountains.

Note 25.—Page 98.

Music has charms, &c.

In my ramble through scenes rendered enchanting by the bold, grand, abrupt beauties of nature, and the embellishments of art; my attention was suddenly occupied (on turning from the shrubbery) by the appearance of a young and gracefully negligent female standing near the verge of the precipice, seemingly in contemplation. Believing herself wholly retired, after the pause of a few minutes (during which I remained quite unobserved), she recited, with feeling and dignity, the passage quoted; and, in a tone of voice,

"Most musical! most melancholy!"

NOTE ON "EVENING."

Note 26.—Page 104.

The sister Graces mild shall mourn.

The charming daughters of Vice-Admiral M. of the royal navy.

NOTES

ON

BOOK II.

NOTES ON

"ODE TO WAR."

Note 27.—Page 108.

Worn by the burning toils of day.

THESE horrors are no fiction. Attached to the medical department of the British army under Sir Arthur Wellesley, it fell to the lot of the author to witness scenes most revolting to humanity. The advanced brigade of the army, under General Hill, had severe skirmishing with that of the French (which had crossed the Douro) for two days before we forced the passage of that river, and retook Oporto. The morning of the day on which we reached that city exposed these horrors, for the first time, along our line

of march. Early on this day (May the 12th) we saw an armed peasant of the Portuguese lying in a field by the road side; both hands and feet were chopped off, and part of the skin of the face removed, apparently with a sabre. The head of a second peasant had been placed between the knees of the one mutilated. We passed horses every mile, that, unable to keep up with the enemy in their retreat, had been shot by them. One circumstance connected with these strongly excited our surprise; the feet of most of the horses, likewise, had been cut off and removed; nor was it for some time that we discovered this resource of ingenuity to be caused by a provident care to secure the shoes (which, certainly, in crossing the rugged and hostile mountains of Gallicia was an object); and which they could not stop to remove, owing to the closeness of our pursuit. For some time we had uniformly the quarters at night the enemy had left, completely ransacked, in the morning. We found on these, and most similar occasions, that we were mere Tyros in such military arcana, when contrasted with the French.

Note 28.—Page 109.

Then coursing by the blazing vale.

The advance of the French, in its retreat towards Oporto, had set on fire and wholly consumed two entire villages, because some of the inhabitants, unadvisedly, fired on the troops. The armed peasantry, in retaliation, had searched for the French wounded in the skirmish with our troops the preceding day, and (as there was little risk in the attempt) had ventured to lay hold of them, and having stripped them naked, hung them up on trees by the road side. We saw three unfortunate men, still alive, suspended in this manner as we passed. Near them lay a Portuguese priest, who had imprudently indulged in the mania (then raging) for warlike costume; and, in his new attire, being recognized by some French voltigeurs, fell a sacrifice to his military ardour.

Note 29.—Page 110.

When Victory led with eagle pace
O'er prostrate ranks our banner'd host,
And Love's sweet flower, by Beauty flung,
Above our laurell'd plumage hung.

At the entrance of the villages, and towns, and cities through which we marched, or where we halted, the ladies, with baskets of flowers, awaited our arrival; and welcomed us with showers of roses.

Note 30.—Page 111.

Proud was that day, &c.

On the 12th of May we forced the passage of the Douro. Nothing could exceed the beauty of the landscape, as we arrived at Villa Nuova, (the suburbs

of Oporto) on the opposite bank of the river. It was near sunset; and the orange and vine trees glistened on the fronts of the superb buildings that sloped down to the banks of the Douro.

Note 31.—Page 111.

In vain the signal cannon's roar.

The French having retired across the river on the night of the 11th, and rejoined their army in the city; Marshal Soult, at two o'clock in the morning of the 12th, gave the signal, by the firing of a cannon, for blowing up the beautiful bridge of boats across the Douro. This was so effectually executed by the French engineers, that scarcely a vestige of it was to be seen on the ensuing day.

Note 32.—Page 111.

Deep dives th' intrepid Gondolier.

To impede our passage across, Marshal Soult had collected the boats of the river, and moored them under the French batteries. Notwithstanding which, some of the boatmen cut their cables, and stood over to the British.

NOTES ON "ODE TO DESPAIR."

Note 33.—Page 123.

And furies chase him with convulsive smile.

Pitiable as is the mind enduring the inflictions of Providence, it is yet rendered doubly so from the

intrusion of circumstances that seem to give an edge to every sorrow. What, at such a moment, to a heart divested of the comforts of religion, can be more unseasonable or intolerable than mirth? Exclusive of its conveying an impression of felicity, so contrasted by the misery of the sufferer; it seems an insult on his misfortune, and aggravates his despair.

Note 34.—Page 123.

He dies! the bold Athenian dies!
Who vanquish'd, &c.

Although the fickleness and ingratitude of Athens had banished, from his home, the man to whom was due the victory at Salamis; not all the kindness of the Persian monarch could alienate the affections of Themistocles from his country. While Artaxerxes (who received him with a noble generosity, that forms one of the proudest glories of his reign) had bestowed on the illustrious exile three rich cities, to provide

him with bread, wine, and meat; Themistocles is said to have killed himself by drinking bulls blood, that he might not be obliged, by the urgency of the Persian monarch, to wage war against his country.

Thucydides informs us that Artaxerxes gave Themistocles the city of Magnesia for bread; Lampsacus for wine; and Mynns to furnish him with victuals. Athenæus goes yet further, and adds two more, Palæscepsis to yield him clothing; and Percope to produce him furniture.

Thucydid. lib. i.—Strabo lib. xiv.
Theod. Sic. lib. xi.

Note 35.—Page 123.

From fate within the Punic ring.

The name of Hannibal, even in his falling fortunes, had not allowed the Romans to sleep after the victory

of Zama. They pursued him from Carthage to Syria, and from Syria to Bithynia. These apprehensions were at length dissipated by Hannibal's taking a dose of poison, which he always carried about with him in a ring on his finger. And, as he breathed his last, emphatically exclaimed,

"Solvamus diuturna cura populum Romanum, quando mortem senis expectare longum censet."

His death was hailed at Rome as an omen of peace, where the terror once inspired by his arms was still remembered. Scipio, his conqueror, has declared Hannibal to be the greatest general that ever lived.

Note 36.—Page 124.

A murder'd mother's corse succeeds.

Mithridates the Great, king of Pontus, was, according to Cicero, the greatest monarch that ever sat upon

a throne. In the early part of his life he was notorious for his cruelties; and murdered his mother, who had been left coheiress of the kingdom with him. After an undaunted struggle, of long duration, with the Roman power; and still cherishing those designs for the recovery of what he had lost, which none but uncommon minds in danger and disaster can suggest; he was so affected by the unnatural conduct of his son Pharnaces, that he resolved to end his existence. He first tried poison; but the antidotes with which early in life he had fortified his constitution prevented the poison from operating. He then stabbed himself; and the blow not being mortal, he implored the assistance of a Gaul standing by, whom he obliged to give the fatal stroke.

Note 37.—Page 124.

And steels her soul to pleading Nature's pray'r.

Medea the magician, wife to Jason, and niece of Circe. She killed two of her own children in their father's presence.

Note 38.—Page 124.

The brave Tegean's dauntless mind.

Critolaus of Tegea, in Arcadia, a general of the Achæans, who is said to have poisoned himself because he had been conquered at Thermypolæ by the Romans. He had previously signalized himself in a remarkable combat, where he and his two brothers fought against three brothers of a hostile army, to terminate a long war between the two nations. His

two brothers having fallen, he singly conquered his three antagonists.

NOTES ON "ODE, MIDNIGHT."

Note 39.—Page 131.

The shepherd stretch'd on rushes green,
Now ranges o'er the sylvan mead.

Thus the elegant and chaste Poet,

"Omnia quæ sensu volvuntur vota diurno,
Pectore sopito reddit amica quies.
Venator defessa toro cum membra reponit,
Mens tamen ad sylvas et sua lustra, redit."

CLAUDIAN.

Note 40.—Page 132.

Where fond Armida lives on love.

See Tasso's description of the loves of Rinaldo and Armida in her enchanted island.

Note 41.—Page 132.

Of all Morgana's feats he told,
And seize the fated lock of gold.

Morgana was the most celebrated fairy whose exploits were so greedily devoured in the romantic age of Ariosto, and gave birth to so many beautiful tales. She is an important personage in Boyardo, who calls her the Fairy of Riches; and her celebrated subterraneous palace has been immortalized by that poet.

The story of the fairy and her dwelling is full of imagination, and thus told by Boyardo.

" Orlando, travelling to the assistance of Angelica, was met by a lady seated on a palfrey, having in her hands a book, and wearing at her girdle a rich horn of exquisite workmanship; she addressed the knight in this manner:

" ' Sir knight, you have now met with a most wonderful and perilous adventure, which requires all the valour of such a champion as your appearance bespeaks you to be. This horn, which is made by enchantment, must be sounded three times, and every time of sounding the horn consult the book, which will instruct you what is further to be done: but if any knight should find his courage fail at the first blast of the horn, he will be for ever made prisoner in the island of the enchanted lake. The first and second time of sounding the horn will expose you to most dreadful and unheard of perils, but the third

time will finish the adventure, and put it in your power, without any further trial of valour, to make all the remainder of your life completely happy.'

"Orlando, having heard this, expressed his eager desire to undertake the adventure; and receiving from the lady's hand the book and horn, he sounded such a blast as made the earth tremble, and immediately a rock, dividing in two parts, discovered a vast opening in the earth, whence rushed out two furious bulls with horns of iron, and hides of different colours. Orlando, upon having recourse to his book, was instructed to yoke the bulls and plough up the field that lay round the rock; this, after an obstinate battle with the bulls, he performed; and then setting them at liberty, they fled with dreadful bellowings to the forest, and disappeared. Orlando sounded the horn a second time, when the earth again trembled, and a mountain near him opening, its summit cast forth flames in great abundance. While the knight impatiently waited for the issue, a huge dragon came forth of most tremendous aspect; his scales were green and shone with gold,

his wings of different colours, he brandished beyond his sharp teeth three tongues, and made a dreadful noise with the lashing of his tail, while volumes of smoke, mixed with sparks and fire, issued from his mouth and ears. Orlando having again consulted his book, was ordered to attack the monster with the utmost celerity, and attempt to sever his head from his body before the poisonous fumes should have any fatal effect; this done, he was directed to take out all the dragon's teeth, and sow them in the furrows which he had just ploughed up. The knight then intrepidly advanced to attack the monster, who came towards him with wings extended, and opening his jaws to swallow him. Orlando found himself most dreadfully annoyed with the poison and fire; his shield was immediately consumed, his crest caught the flame, and all his apparel was nearly burnt to ashes, while the smoke was so thick that he could not see to aim his blows, till at length by a fortunate stroke he cut off the head of his enemy, and drawing out the teeth, sowed them, as the book had directed, in the furrows of the new-ploughed field. Turpin relates, 'that im-

mediately the crests of helmets began to appear above the ground, next, the breasts and shoulders of armed men, till a numerous company, with shouts and clamours, and the clangor of horns and trumpets, united their weapons, and furiously attacked the earl; but he drawing his sword Durindana, and remounting his horse, received them with such valour that the whole number were soon slain, and thus ended their life nearly as soon as it began.

"It now remained to sound the horn for the last time, which Orlando having done, looked round to see the conclusion of the adventure; when, nothing appearing, he began to think himself mocked: at length he beheld coming towards him through the flowery meadow a white stag, at which he exclaimed, with great marks of disappointment, 'Is this the wonderful end of my labours?' He then threw his book and horn on the ground, and was about to depart with indignation, but the lady stopping him, cried out, 'Stay, valorous knight, and learn that no king or warrior could ever meet with a more wonderful

adventure than this; know that thy work is not yet finished: not far from hence is a place called the Island of Riches, where dwells the fairy Morgana, who is deputed by heaven to dispense to mortals all the wealth that is enjoyed in this world: she hides her treasures in the bowels of the earth, and has sent this white hind to enrich you, as a glorious recompense for your having three times sounded that horn, which no man before ever sounded a second time. The fairy sends through the world the stag, which is enchanted, and has, as thou seest, golden horns: he who wishes to take him must pursue him with unremitted vigour for six days, and on the seventh day he will stop by the side of a fountain to wash, and there suffer himself to be taken: this wonderful animal sheds his horns six times a day, every branch of his horns bears thirty ingots of gold: so that having obtained this stag, thou wilt be possessed of every happiness which wealth can purchase, and mayst moreover acquire the love of the fairy Morgana, whose beauty is unparalleled.'

"Orlando scarcely suffered the lady to finish her discourse, but replied with a smile, that he was not come thither for such intent; that he despised riches, and only sought for the reward that attends great and glorious actions.

"Upon this Orlando delivered the book and horn again to the lady, and resumed his journey towards Albracca.

* * * * * *

* * * * * *

"Orlando having destroyed the garden of Falerina, arrived, accompanied by that enchantress, where Dudon and other warriors were kept prisoners in the enchanted lake. The earl there beheld a trophy raised of the arms of Rinaldo, and supposing him to be slain, forgot all the enmity that had subsisted between them, immediately passed over the bridge to revenge his death, and furiously attacked Arridano, who lay in the meadow exulting over the trophy of Rinaldo. A dreadful battle ensued between them; for Morgana had not only given Arridano impenetrable armour,

but had formed such a spell that the strength of the giant always exceeded six times the strength of every one with whom he was engaged. At length Arridano seizing Orlando, as he had before Rinaldo, plunged with him headlong into the lake. Falerina, terrified at the sight, immediately fled; and as soon as the combatants reached the bottom, Orlando found himself in the middle of a beautiful meadow, surrounded by a wall of crystal. The knight, as he fell, endeavoured in vain to escape from the grasp of Arridano, but as soon as they touched the ground his enemy loosened his hold, and thought to strip him of his armour, when the earl renewed the combat with greater fury than ever, and at length, by the help of his sword Balisarda, against which no enchantment could avail, he deprived the enemy of his life.

"Orlando then entering at a portal which he discovered in a rock, passed on for a long time in total darkness, till at last he discovered a light that shone like the sun at noonday, when he came to the bank of a wide river, over which was a long narrow bridge,

where stood the figure of an armed man all of iron, and beyond the bridge was a plain heaped with pearls and precious stones, more in number than the flowers that adorn the earth in spring, or the stars of heaven. This place contained the treasures of the fairy Morgana.

"Orlando then with his drawn sword attempting to pass the bridge, the armed figure struck it with his massy club, and the whole pile sunk immediately into the river: while Orlando stood gazing in admiration another bridge appeared in the place of the former: the knight again attempted the passage, but the armed figure again raised his club, and the bridge sunk as before. Orlando thus baffled, yet determined to reach the further side, now exerting all his strength, with a prodigious effort leaped over the river, armed as he was, and alighted safe in the meadow, where entering into a large square building, he beheld the figure of a king seated on a throne with numbers standing round him: they were all formed of gold, and covered with pearls, rubies, and diamonds: before the king was a table spread with a most magnificent banquet; but

over his head was suspended a drawn sword with the point downward, and at his left hand stood one with his bow bent as ready to let fly an arrow; on his right side stood another, exactly resembling the former, holding a scroll in his hand with this inscription: "Riches and pomp are of no value if possessed with fear; and pleasure and greatness avail us nothing if acquired with the loss of peace." On the middle of this table, on a fleur-de-lys of gold, was a ruby of prodigious size, which gave light to all the place, and on each side was a door that led from the saloon. Orlando, who paid little attention to the riches which he beheld, attempted to enter one of the doors, but found no light to guide his steps: recalling then to mind the carbuncle, he resolved to make use of it, and advanced to seize it, but the figure that stood with his bow bent immediately let fly an arrow, that struck the carbuncle, which immediately flew off from the fleur-de-lys, and left the earl in darkness: a dreadful earthquake then followed, accompanied with repeated claps of thunder, while Orlando stood undaunted, expecting the issue. The earthquake and thunder ceas-

ing, the stone again took its place on the fleur-de-lys, and enlightened the saloon with more splendour than before. The knight attempted again to seize the carbuncle, but the archer again shot his arrow, and all was left in darkness; the thunder and earthquake returned, and continued above an hour, till the carbuncle once more resumed its station. Orlando, determined to pursue his purpose, rushed forwards intrepidly with his lifted shield, on which he received the arrow that fell ineffectual to the ground; he then took the stone without further opposition, and directing his steps by the enchanted light, descended a staircase which led to a prison, in which were confined Rinaldo, Brandimart, and Dudon.

"Orlando beheld on a rock the following words engraven: 'Whoever thou art, O knight or damsel! that hast reached this place, know that thou shalt never return, unless thou canst seize the fairy that inhabits these regions, whose locks grow only from her forehead, and who is bald behind.' Orlando having read this inscription, traversed a beautiful

meadow enamelled with a thousand different flowers, and at last espyed Morgana asleep by the side of a fountain; he stood some time in contemplation of her beauty, when he suddenly heard a voice that bade him seize the fairy by her forelock before she awaked and escaped his hands: at the sound of this voice, Orlando turning, came to a rock of crystal, through which he beheld imprisoned Dudon, Rinaldo, and Brandimart: at this sight the earl, greatly afflicted, lifted up his sword to have hewn an opening in the rock, but the three knights called aloud to him to forbear, for should the rock be broken they must all inevitably perish. Orlando was then addressed by a beautiful imprisoned lady, who seemed in great affliction, and told him there was no way to enter the prison but by a gate which appeared of diamonds and emeralds, of which Morgana kept the keys; to procure which he must immediately return to the fountain, and endeavour to secure her person. The earl, impatient to enter the rock, hastened back to the fountain, where he found the fairy dancing, and singing these words: 'Whoever is desirous to enjoy in

this world wealth, pleasure, honours, and dignities, let him lay hold on this golden lock that I wear from my forehead, and I will fulfil all his wishes: but let him not forego the advantage in his power, since time past can never be recalled; I shall turn from him and leave him to lament his folly.' So sung the fairy; but as soon as she beheld Orlando approaching, she immediately fled with the utmost speed, the knight pursuing her till they left the meadow, and came into a country full of briars and brambles; and now the sky was suddenly overcast, when from a dark cave rushed out a female figure of ghastly appearance, with a pale and meagre countenance, holding in her hand a scourge, which she continually exercised on herself; but seeing Orlando hold Morgana in chase, she began to follow him, and when he demanded who she was, she replied, 'My name is Repentance, and I come to bear you company till the end of your course, during which you must feel the severity of my stripes.' As she spoke thus, Orlando continued to pursue Morgana, while the hag close behind, from time to time, applied her scourge to him, nor could all his threats or

valour free him from her persecution: at length he overtook the fairy, and fastening his hand in her lock, the hag, that till then had followed, immediately left him, the sky cleared up, the country assumed a smiling appearance, and instead of thorns and briars the earth was covered with odoriferous flowers. Orlando having stayed the fairy, demanded of her the keys of the prison, which she engaged to deliver to him upon condition that he would leave behind Ziliantes, the son of Monodant, to which Orlando agreed. Morgana then gave up the keys, and all her prisoners, except Ziliantes, were set at liberty."

Note 42.—Page 132.

And hear Angelica complain
Of him, the Pagan youth, who wrought her amorous pain.

In the Orlando Furioso, the beautiful Angelica, after treating with disdain the loves of Orlando and

Rinaldo, in her flight through the forest comes to where

——— "With sad survey
She saw the youth, who pale and wounded lay,
And 'midst his own misfortunes still deplored
Th' unbury'd corse of his lamented lord;
Strange pity touch'd her while she listening hung
To hear the tale that falter'd on his tongue!"

And this insensible becomes wholly aborbed in passion for the wounded youth Medoro.

"The virgin to the shepherd's cot convey'd
The wounded youth, and there in pity stay'd
To wait his health restored; so deep her breast
Retain'd the thoughts which his first sight imprest.
She mark'd his every grace, his every charm,
And felt, by slow degrees, a new alarm;
Quick beat her pulse, till soon, no more conceal'd,
The flame burst forth, and all her soul reveal'd.

* * * * * *

The damsel there Medoro soon restored
To wonted strength, but ah! meantime deplored
Her own deep wound, that rankled in her heart
With heavier anguish, while an unseen dart
The light-wing'd archer, still on mischief bent,
From sparkling eyes, and golden ringlets sent.
Still, still she loves, and while her care is shown
To cure another's pains, forgets her own.
Through him she mourns, and while his sufferings cease
Her wound but widens, and her pangs increase.
He gains, she loses strength; and now, by turns,
With cold she freezes, and with heat she burns."

See the beautiful and pathetic Episode of Clo ridano and Medoro, in the eighteenth canto of the Orlando Furioso, by Ariosto.

NOTE ON

"ODE TO THOSE FALLEN IN BATTLE."

Note 43.—Page 144.

By Orla's wild and rapid stream.

On the banks of the Orla a sanguinary contest took place at the opening of the disastrous campaign that terminated in the annihilation of the Prussian power, between the advanced divisions of the French and Prussian armies; where a gallant prince of Prussia, son to Prince Ferdinand, lost his life.

NOTES ON

"THE ODE, NILIAD."

Note 44.—Page 147.

At Lodi, &c.

The battles of Lodi and Arcola have too fearful a celebrity to require detail.

Note 45.—Page 151.

Heard ye that hero's stifled groan?

Lord Nelson, who was struck on the head (at that period of the action) by a langrage shot.

Note O.—Page 152.

Lo! on the arm-chest, nobly low.

The French Admiral De Brueys displayed great gallantry during the action. Though twice wounded, he refused to leave the deck; but commanded himself to be laid on the arm-chest that he might still be in the battle. He perished on the explosion of the L'Orient.

NOTES

ON

BOOK IV.

NOTE ON

"TO MR. WRANGHAM."

Note 1.—Page 198.

Yet, yet 'twas thine in Mercy's cause to stand,
And raise thy voice prophetic for the land.

THE author is not vain enough to suppose that any eulogium of his could add to the merited celebrity of Mr. Wrangham, as a Christian, a scholar, and an author. But before he gratifies his readers with an extract from the work itself, to which he more particularly alludes, (replete as it, undeniably, is with eloquence and wisdom, and the true principles of legislation) he cannot avoid lamenting the bigoted prejudices still in force against his country. The

name of Irishman is too frequently but a term of reproach, and a butt for obloquy. Ask the traducer why this is so? He is unable (dispassionately) to resolve you; and knows more of Japan than of Ireland. With little liberality, or honourable feeling, he adduces (for his example) some of those abandoned beings whose profligacy has banished them from their native soil. To this fancied standard of his own creation he endeavours to reduce the character of a whole people! Is this ingenuous, or fair, or just? The Irish have their vices and their virtues; but in the opinion of the candid part of mankind the latter decidedly preponderate. Endowed with uncommon vivacity of feeling, open, frank, and unsuspicious, the lower classes (too remarkably destitute of all education) become the victims of those very qualities which, if duly regulated, might be converted into sources of prosperity and happiness. Is not the amelioration of such a people an object of cardinal import to the administration of a country? Would not the education of such a people, and their consequent conversion to every object of national utility, contribute more

essentially to general security, and to lasting glory, than the most successful wars conducted under the happiest auspices? Solid, indeed, would be the fruits of such a beneficent harvest. Unhappily, the genius and nature of the Irish have been but little consulted, or understood, by those who legislate for them. Their more polished neighbours seem even to shrink from their familiarity; although, in the hour of danger, the reluctance may yield to the sense of security that Irish courage inspires. Why are they not unshackled from the most odious and galling of all restrictions, that of religious disqualification; and restored to their natural rights, as men, as freemen?

To an English Divine we are indebted for the following assertion of those rights, and the exposition of our character. The discourse from which it is extracted was delivered at the Cathedral church of York, before the judges of Assize; and published at the request of the High Sheriff and the gentlemen of the grand jury of Yorkshire.

"Here I should do gross wrong to my subject, and perhaps somewhat disappoint your reasonable expectations, if I did not advert a little more particularly to that country, which has recently become an integral, and may by the blessing of God on our liberal policy be rendered an indiscerptible portion of the British empire—it would be superfluous to add, that I mean Ireland; a country, whose natives inherit, beyond almost all other men, the choicest blessings of Providence—exuberance of soil, vigour of frame, vividness of feeling, and ardour of imagination. So gifted by their Maker, how is it that, viewed as a people, they so lamentably lag behind their competitors in the race of improvement? Why has Rebellion among them found her readiest votaries, and Justice her most frequent victims? Why are they usually regarded only as objects of pity, or of condemnation—except indeed in our gazettes, where they are always to be seen in the van of victory? By what *mystery of iniquity*, in short, has it happened that the strenuous, the hospitable, the affectionate, the generous, and the brave, with all

their fine physical and moral qualities, have been permitted to remain not a blank, but a blot on the illuminated page of creation? We are not of the school of Epicurus, indolently to resolve every thing into the blind working of Fortuitousness: We are not devotees of the Arabian prophet, to prattle about the inflexibility, and bow before the omnipotence of Destiny: We do not, with the deluded disciples of Brahma, contend for the arbitrary and horrible principle of Castes. No. We subscribe to a theory which leaves no room for the intervention of chance: we profess to believe that God has not immutably ordained any to perish, but would *have all men to be saved, and to come to the knowledge of the truth:* we call ourselves followers of a Master, whose precepts enjoined, whose parables illustrated, and whose miracles exhibited universal charity—to the worshipper on Gerizim, as well as on Sion, to the Syro-phœnician as well as to the Jew, to *the dog under the table,* as well as to the child; who constantly announced the abrogation of selfishness as the sum of perfection, whose new commandment was *Love one another,* and

whose final injunction, *Go and teach all nations.* Neither, after every allowance for the disastrous effects, throughout the island in question, of individual mismanagement and oppression (which laws indeed have perhaps neither the guilt of causing, nor the power of curing) can we fail to discern an ulterior, and far more abundant, source of her desolating maladies—a source, at the same time, completely within their healing sway. For to what do we ascribe the contrast between the brutish ignorance and flagitiousness imputed to Scotland by one of her fondest and most virtuous sons at the close of the seventeenth century, and her present proficiency in literature and piety, her overflowing kirks and her unneeded gaols? To what, but to the institution of parochial seminaries, of which the benefits began to be sensibly felt about the period above-mentioned? And has human nature undergone any grand revolution during the last hundred years, that the same causes shall not, under similar circumstances, produce the same results? Or, has the acuteness of modern philology expunged as an interpolation the maxim, hitherto accounted the grace

and glory of the Gospel, *As ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise?* Or, daring to incur the crime, are we prepared to encounter the peril, of neglecting interests, vitally coupled (as those to which we allude are universally acknowledged to be) with our own? If the peace and security occasioned by the union of the northern and southern kingdoms co-operated with the national schools of the former, in promoting it's reformation, we have (or ought to have) in a correspondent measure the same political vantage-ground to stand upon; and it must be our own fault—a fault, possibly, to be expiated by rivers of tears and of blood—if we do not speedily forget the ferocious turbulence, the habitual slothfulness, and the gloomy bigotry of Ireland in the steadfast loyalty, the active industry, and the enlightened devotion of West-Britain. We may civilise, if we cannot convert: if we cannot make them protestants, we may make them patriots. Let but Science in it's most useful form, Toleration in it's widest comprehension, and Kindness with its whole family of gentle offices, be employed as our missionaries; and then,

though we may continue for a while to worship at different altars, we shall in spirit meet in the same temple; *have the same love, being of one accord, of one mind*; and serve most acceptably the same Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. If we forbear to insult even their erroneous prejudices and feelings; if we do not reluctantly deal out to them our contracted charity, constraining their reverenced and powerful teachers to remain ignorant and dissatisfied at home, to the misguiding of their flocks, or to seek information at the expence of their allegiance abroad; above all, if we *give to them the right-hand of fellowship*, with the unreserved promptitude of manly confidence and the warm pressure of brotherly affection—we shall ensure to ourselves, in the midst of whatever difficulties or distresses may await us, their grateful and unbounded and inextinguishable attachment. There never was a time when it was more awefully incumbent upon us, in all our relations—as men, as citizens, and as Christians—*to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with our God.* Instead then of realising the frightful fiction of the poet, and throwing ourselves 'on a loose

hanging rock to sleep,' let us reflect that by the present wisdom or folly of our councils, by the present moderation or rigour of our conduct, by the Yea or Nay of one teeming syllable (I speak not of any single measure, but of a general and efficient plan of conciliation, improvement, and instruction) it will be decided, whether that mighty island shall hang an impenetrable buckler upon our arm, or rankle a deadly spear in our side: whether light and comfort shall be let in to cheer and purify her lowly cabins; or she shall still continue to clank her fetters of ignorance, to grope in her *darkness that may be felt*, and to quaff her waters of blood."

NOTES

"ON CHARITY. TO MISS G."

Note 46.—Page 203.

O lovely hermit! wouldst thou dwell
In Charity's sequester'd cell?

This young lady is one of the patronesses of that most excellent charitable institution in Cork, "The Schools of Industry."

Note 47.—Page 204.

The blue-eyed Maid, benignant power!

Charity.

Note 48.—Page 204.

On tiptoe leads her frolic band.

For the above institutions there is an annual ball.

NOTE ON

"THE NYMPH OF THE LAKE."

Note 49.—Page 205.

From the lake of sublime Buttermere.

The lake of Buttermere is actually formed in the manner here described. It is a lake of Cumberland, about eight miles from Keswick; and is two miles long, and nearly one broad. On the west it is terminated by a mountain, called from its ferruginous

colour, the Red Pike. A strip of cultivated ground adorns the east shore. A hundred mountain torrents, after rain, form cataracts that thunder and foam down the centre of the rock, and form the lake below. Here the rocky scenes and mountain landscapes are diversified, and contrasted with all that can aggrandize the object in the most sublime style.

NOTE ON

"THE MAID OF THE BOYNE."

Note 50.—Page 212.

So, where the waves of Boyne, &c.

Some time ago, when on my way to the south of Ireland, I met this accomplished and interesting girl

proceeding to the convent of D——. I know not if I have been more struck at any time with the unaffected graces, and tender melancholy of a stranger. The elegant simplicity of her manners, and the naïveté of her conversation quite captivated me. I parted from her with sincere reluctance; and my feelings on the occasion would, I apprehend, have been those of almost any other individual.

NOTE ON "THE WELCOME."

Note 51.—Page 228.

And balm to heal their sorrow brings.

This alludes to the benevolent institution for the support of the aged and orphan poor, at Hillsborough, which has so long reflected credit on the family of Downshire.

NOTES ON "SELMA."

Note 52.—Page 223.

——— the camp was still.

The camp of the Curragh of Kildare. Near it rises the hill of Allen, where the inhabitants still point out the tomb of Oscar.

Note 53.—Page 234.

As o'er Moilena's heath she goes,
To join him by Duthula's tide.

The vast plain or heath of Moilena. "The hill of Allen," says a late writer, "merits the traveller's attention, as being the scene of action of one of the poems of Ossian, so much celebrated by M'Pherson, and which the neighbouring inhabitants still distinguish by their traditions; traditions which bear a remarkable conformity to the descriptions given by

M'Pherson. On the south declivity of the hill is a natural cave, in which the body of Oscar is said to have been laid after his death, and over which his faithful dog Bran watched with so much affection. A few feet from the front of the cave is a limpid well, sacred to the manes of Oscar, and still much frequented by pilgrims. West, on the same declivity, is shewn the tomb of that ancient hero, marked by one grey stone; and through the valley below runs the rivulet of Duthula or Dorthola, near which the battle was fought in which Oscar lost his life. To the west, from the cave, is seen the extensive plain of Moilena, in the King's County, from which runs the hill of Cromla, now Croan hill. Whoever visits this hill with Temora in his hands, will be inclined to imagine that the author of that pleasing performance must have seen the place which he so elegantly and correctly describes."

The author visited the places here mentioned in the summer of 1808, and was astonished at the similarity that existed between the artless traditions of the inhabitants of the spot, and the leading features of some

of the finest poems of Ossian. He can bear testimony to the justness of description and accuracy of the scenery of Temora.

Note 55.—Page 237.

And he, the bard, the mighty blind.

Ossian.

Note 56.—Page 237.

The blue-eyed maid of Lochlin bore.

Agandecca, sister to Swaran; and the beloved of Fingal.

THE END.

T. DAVISON, Lombard-street,
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